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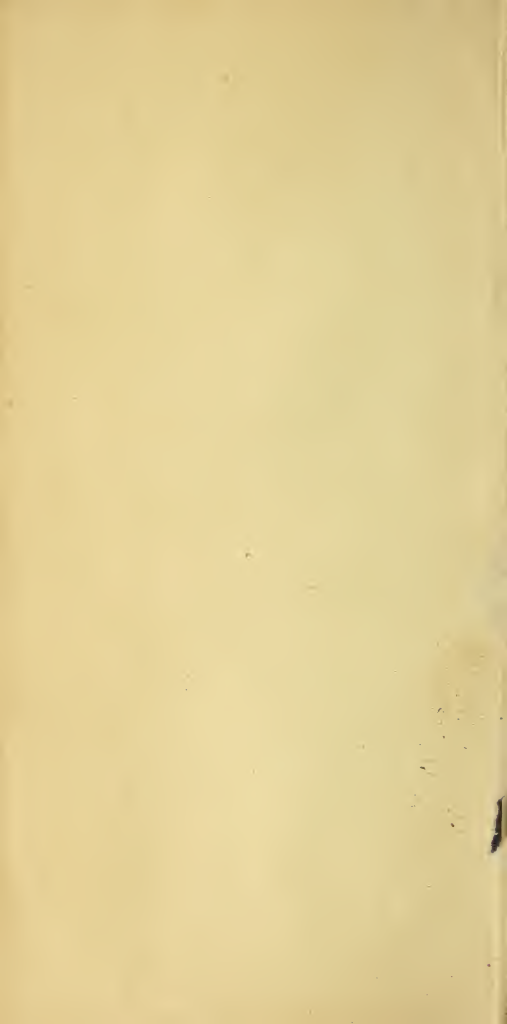
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THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,
AND
SONG OF SOLOMON,
IN METRE.

BY SAMUEL McCLURE.

Romans i. 16.—“For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.”

Matthew v. 16.—“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”

Hebrews x. 23.—“Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for he is faithful that promised.”

LEWISTOWN, PA.
SAMUEL McCLURE
HARRISBURG:
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1850.

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SAMUEL McCLURE,

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P R E F A C E.

I HAD no design originally of presenting to the public the following observations on the BOOK OF PSALMS, which I have endeavoured to explain in metrical composition, and in a manner conformable to my abilities; but being earnestly solicited by a number of my friends to prepare the work for publication, and hoping that it might be of some interest and benefit to my fellow men, I complied with their request. I have availed myself of the labours of some of the most eminent authors I could obtain. The commentaries of Bishop Horn, Dr. Watt, and Dr. Henry were my daily companions, and with expressions of gratitude I own myself their debtor for the use I have made of their explanatory remarks on the sacred Poems. But I must more particularly acknowledge my indebtedness to GOD alone, in enabling me to accomplish the following work, which I denominate my profession of faith in CHRIST.

I believe that an avowal of my religious sentiments to the world is an indispensable duty, (not on me alone, but on all professing Christians who name the name of CHRIST with reverence, and who place their hope and confidence in Him alone as their surety,) and to make a written profession of our faith in him according to the abilities God has given us, seems also to be a duty, giving to a sovereign God all the glory.

The book of Psalms has been called the *abstract*, or a *compendium*, containing the substance of both Testaments, and applicable and suited to saints in every age of the church, and in all their various circumstances in life. With what pleasure may believers employ their leisure hours in reading and meditating on these songs of praise to Him who wrought out and brought in a finished salvation for his people! And how delightful to anticipate the time when we shall join the song of the church triumphant, in glory, in the highest ascriptions of praise, saying, Hallelujah, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God, and to the Lamb that was slain, and that redeemed us to God by his

own blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation !

That it may be your happy lot, dear reader, and mine at last, to mingle our praise, through a blissful eternity, with the praise of the countless millions of the redeemed around the throne, is the prayer of

Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

SAMUEL MCCLURE.

May 1, 1849.

Having had an opportunity of examining, in manuscript, sixty or seventy paraphrases in verse of the Psalms, by Mr. S. McClure, I have no hesitation in saying, that, considering the opportunities of the author, they are well executed, and appear, so far as I have examined them, to be scriptural in expression and doctrine. The leisure with which, in the providence of God, the author was favoured, appears to have been well employed, and, as he designs to publish a few copies of his work for his friends, I doubt not they will find it profitable to their souls. The humblest effort to advance the honour of the Lord Jesus, to promote the study of his word and the welfare of immortal souls, deserves

encouragement. Like the religious poems of Meikle, these compositions of Mr. McClure are designed for the private reading and edification of the Christian. May the Lord the Spirit bless the reader, and make the book instrumental in promoting the glory of the great Redeemer!

WILLIAM EASTON.

March 24th, 1849.

In the above recommendation I can with pleasure concur, as far as my examination has extended. This has been more limited and cursory than I could have wished, yet I feel persuaded the work, with the blessing of God, is well calculated to promote the author's object.

He has not attempted any thing like a literal version for the purpose of praise, but a metrical explanation or paraphrase of the scripture Psalms, and also of the Song of Solomon, to be read for private edification and instruction. If, therefore, the literary critic finds something to which to object, as deficient in artistic skill and rule, the Christian reader will find much more to admire in its pious and evangelical strain.

J. S. EASTON.

THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM 1. C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man, who will not sit
With men that sinners are,
Who hates the den where atheists meet,
And shuns the scoffer's chair.
- 2 But he has placed his chief delight
In the eternal word ;
And meditates by day and night,
The statutes of the Lord.
- 3 He shall be like a tree that grows,
Beside a living stream ;
His fruit in time with plenty flows,
And honors crown his name.
- 4 Fresh as the leaf and ever green,
Shall his profession be ;
His works are fruit that will be seen,
And prosper well shall he.
- 5 Not so the ungodly, they nor have
Nor can such mercies find ;
'Their schemes are lost, or fly like chaff
Before the stormy wind.

- 6 In judgment sinners shall not stand,
Nor can they bear to meet
Assembled saints, at God's right hand,
Who there enjoy a seat.
- 7 His eye beholds the pious race,
Their works approve will he,
But sinners and their crooked ways,
Turned upside down shall be.

PSALM 1. L. M.

- 1 THAT man is blest who hates the place,
Where wicked men in counsel meet,
Who dreads to walk in sinners' ways,
And shuns the boasting scoffer's seat.
- 2 By day it is his chief delight
To read the statutes of the Lord ;
And in the seasons of the night,
To meditate the sacred word.
- 3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Near by where living waters glide ;
His fruit in time with plenty flows,
And all his wants shall be supplied.
- 4 But atheists find their schemes are crost,
And fly like chaff before the winds ;
And all their hopes of heaven are lost,
When the last loud high trumpet sounds.
- 5 The guilty rebels fain would stand
In judgment with the sons of light,
But God, their judge, will them command,
To regions of eternal night.

- 6 My saints the narrow way have trod,
I blest the way and made it clear ;
But sinners take the crooked road
That leads to darkness and despair.

PSALM 2. C. M.

- 1 WHY did the heathen nations rage,
And why did king's combine ?
'Gainst the anointed of the Lord,
They plot their vain design.
- 2 Say they, come, let us break his bands,
And cast his laws aside,
And thus with envy and with spite,
Their Lord they crucified.
- 3 But God, who reigns in highest heavens,
Them in derision holds ;
In vengeance drest, his awful voice
Speaks terror to their souls.
- 4 I will support mine only Son,
And from the grave him bring,
On Zion's hill shall be his throne,
And he shall be your King.
- 5 His resurrection from the dead,
Almighty power makes known ;
The Lord proclaims his birth, this day
I have begot my Son.
- 6 Ask me, my Son, and I will give
' The heathen unto thee,
And utmost lands thy name shall own,
And humbly bend the knee.

- 7 The nations that reject his laws
His iron rod shall slay,
His power will crush the wicked race
That dare resist his sway.
- 8 Be wise, ye kings who sit on thrones,
And bow before the Lord,
Your crowns cast humbly at his feet,
Fear and obey his word.
- 9 Embrace the Son, with humble love,
Lest in his ire ye die ;
His wrath will burn to lowest hell,
His grace gives life on high.
- 10 His frown pursues you down to hell,
He is a God most just :
Those saints are blest, and those alone,
Who in his name do trust.

PSALM 2. L. M.

- 1 WHY did the Jews and Gentiles rage,
And kings and princes both agree,
To join their powers against the Lord,
His dear anointed one to slay ?
- 2 Say they, come, let us break his bands,
And with contempt despise his laws,
And thus, with envy and with spite,
They slew their sovereign on the cross.
- 3 But God, who rules the worlds above,
Laughs at their rage and them restrains,
He speaks, and anguish fills their souls,
And racks them with tormenting pains.

- 4 I will uphold mine only Son,
And place his throne on Zion's hill ;
I will him rescue from the grave,
And he shall reign your ruler still.
- 5 His resurrection from the dead
Does his almighty power display ;
The Lord proclaims his wondrous birth,
This day I have begotten thee.
- 6 Now he ascends to my right hand ;
There ask, my Son, thou shalt receive
The heathen for inheritance,
And utmost lands thee praise shall give.
- 7 But nations that rebellious are
His iron rod shall them destroy ;
His power will crush the wicked race
That dare provoke the Lord most high.
- 8 Ye kings and rulers now be wise,
With reverence bow before the Lord,
Your crowns lay humbly at his feet,
With trembling mirth adore the Word.
- 9 With humble love embrace the Son,
Lest in his anger ye shall die ;
His wrath will burn to lowest hell,
His love enlightens worlds on high.
- 10 His frown will sink you down to woe,
He is a God whom none can trace ;
Blest are the souls that love the Lord,
And trust alone his sovereign grace.

PSALM 3. C. M.

- 1 HOW many are my griefs, O Lord,
How num'rous are my foes,
Who seek my everlasting death
And break my sweet repose.
- 2 The prince of darkness would suggest
With God I have no peace,
My sins like mountains do appear,
Too great for pard'ning grace.
- 3 But thou, my glory and my shield,
Shall tread the tempter down,
Shall hush my restless, guilty fears,
And all my hopes shall crown.
- 4 I cried, and from his holy hill
The Lord gave ear to me ;
I said, my Father thou'rt my God,
And calm my fears did he.
- 5 In slumbers sweet he closed mine eyes,
In spite of wicked men,
And when I woke I found his grace
Alone did me sustain.
- 6 Should earth and hell their force unite
And up against me rise,
No more shall fear disturb my mind,
In God my refuge lies.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, grant me thy grace
To praise my Saviour's name,
My God has bruised the serpent's head
And put my foes to shame.

- 8 Salvation, Lord, belongs to thee,
Thine arm can save in might—
Rich blessings crown thy people here,
And reach to worlds of light.

PSALM 4. C. M.

- 1 HEAR me, O God of righteousness,
When I complain to thee,
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
O, bow thine ear to me.
- 2 Ye sons of men, 'tis your delight
To glory in your shame ;
Ye lying brood, how long will ye
Despise my Saviour's name.
- 3 Know that the Lord will guard his saints
From base dissembling men,
In sovereign grace he'll plead their cause,
And hear when they complain.
- 4 And when upon my bed I rest
In wakeful hours of night,
To talk with thee and with my heart
Shall be my chief delight.
- 5 This evening sacrifice I pay,
And plead thy righteousness,
My only hope, O Lord, alone
Is in thy pard'ning grace.
- 6 Let worldly men inquire for good,
And toil for earthly gain,
Lord manifest thyself to us,
Thy face on us cause shine.

- 7 Then shall my heart be filled with joy
For thy rich mercies shown,
Nor would I change my happy state
To fill an earthly throne.
- 8 Now in sweet sleep I close mine eyes
Since Jesus has me blest,
My God, who keeps my active hours,
Will guard my hours of rest.

PSALM 5. L. M.

- 1 AT early dawn of day, my God,
To thee I will direct my voice,
O, hear me from thy blest abode,
Thou source from whence spring all
my joys.
- 2 Immortal praise to Christ belongs
Who pleads above for all his saints,
Marks all their troubles and their wrongs,
And bows an ear to their complaints.
- 3 The righteous Lord will not delight
In those who proud and haughty are,
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Will sink at last in keen despair.
- 4 But I will come into thy court
And feast on thine abundant grace,
There in thy fear I will resort,
And worship in thy holy place.
- 5 O, lead me in thy righteousness,
My path make plain before me, Lord,
And may thy Spirit guide my ways
To walk according to thy word.

- 6 My wicked enemies do join
To tempt my feet to leave thy path ;
They flatter with an ill design,
And seek my everlasting death.
- 7 O, let destruction seize them, Lord—
Destroy their plots and wicked ways ;
While those who trust thy gracious word
Shall sing with joy their Saviour's
praise.
- 8 The Lord will bless his saints below
And grant them favor as a shield,
He grace and comfort will bestow,
And all their hopes shall be fulfilled.

PSALM 6. C. M.

- 1 LORD, I can bear thy kind rebukes
When me thou dost chastise,
But, O, against me suffer not
Thy dreadful wrath to rise.
- 2 O pity, Lord, my sad estate,
My sorrows do thou ease,
And heal the wound thy hand has made
And give me joy and peace.
- 3 My weary days in groans I pass,
My nights I spend in sighs,
With tears my couch is watered
And grief consumes mine eyes.
- 4 Lord, I am weak and troubled sore,
How long wilt thou delay—
When shall the glorious hour arrive
That come to thee I may.

- 5 My flesh and heart begin to fail,
O, save me from despair,
For in the grave none can thee praise,
But all is silence there.
- 6 Depart from me ye wicked men,
My God has heard my voice,
His grace has healed my wounded heart
And makes me to rejoice.

PSALM 7. C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
My trust is in thy word ;
Arise, O Lord, my cause defend,
My foes would spill my blood.
- 2 Those spiteful enemies my soul
Would like a lion tear,
In pieces rend without control,
While none to save is near.
- 3 If I did e'er displease my foe,
Or had provoked him first,
Then let him lay my honor low,
My life tread in the dust.
- 4 If malice lay within my breast
Thy searching eyes would see,
I could not then plead their arrest
Nor dare appeal to thee.
- 5 Awake for me to judgment, Lord,
And all their pride restrain,
Command deliverance and afford
Thy love to me again.

O, let the wicked and their ways
Be trodden in the dust—
Will not the God of sovereign grace
Defend the man that's just?
The heart and reins the Lord will try,
And guard the just man's ways,
But bids his vengeful arrows fly
Against the spiteful race.
The proud for me have digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are laid,
Their wicked actions all shall light
With vengeance on their head.
The sons of violence and shame
Shall fall beneath his sword :
O thou, my soul, with joy proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

PSALM 8. C. M.

O LORD our God, how excellent,
How wondrous is thy name,
The glories of Immanuel
Let every tongue proclaim.
The Jewish babes were glad, and sung
Hosannas to their King,
While angry priests and wicked scribes
Their vain objections bring.
When I behold the skies above,
And moon, and stars that shine,
Those splendid worlds on high declare
Their Maker is divine.

- 4 Then said I, Lord, what is frail man,
Or all his sinful race,
That thou should'st bear such love for him
And visit him with grace.
- 5 That thy beloved Son should take
Our humble form in clay,
And lower than his angels made
To wash our guilt away.
- 6 And when retired on earth he lived
Man did reject the Word,
Behold ! the winds and waves obey,
And own him sovereign Lord.
- 7 The winds were calm, the waves were
spread
At his divine command ;
The fish to him its tribute paid,
When he did it demand.
- 8 The miracles wrought by thy Son
Shone through the veil of flesh,
But now we see his mighty power,
And men will him confess.
- 9 Exalted honors crown our Lord
Who died that we might live ;
Let every being that has breath
Their praise unto him give.
- 10 Our sovereign God, thy wond'rous name
Exalted is on high ;
Thy splendid glory is advanced
Above the starry sky.

PSALM 9. C. M.

- 1 LORD, thee I'll praise with all my heart,
I will give thanks to thee;
Thy judgments all are true and right,
My foes they turn and flee.
- 2 I'll praise his majesty who sits
In judgment on his throne,
With equity he'll judge the world,
And justice give each one.
- 3 My God will then a refuge be
For humble souls that pine,
He'll save the people of his choice
And ease their troubled mind.
- 4 The saints that know thy name, O Lord,
Their trust in thee will place,
For thou wilt not forsake the men
That trust thy sovereign grace.
- 5 O, sing ye praise unto the Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
His threat'ning word he will perform,
His promises fulfill.

PART II.

- 6 When the great sovereign of the skies
Inquireth after blood,
The pious saints he'll not forget,
He is their faithful God.
- 7 His people from the gates of death
His mighty arm will raise,
That they within thy holy gates
Their Father's name may praise.

8 The wicked in the pit are sunk
Which they for saints prepared,
And in the net which they concealed
They are themselves ensnared.

9 Thus by thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Thy justice is displayed,
When guilty sinners are destroyed
In snares themselves have laid.

PAUSE.

10 Down into hell the wicked sink,
Their lands he will destroy,
With all the nations that rebel
Against the Lord most high.

11 Although thy people sore complain,
With longing eyes they wait;
The expectation of the saints
My God will not forget.

12 Arise, O Lord, stir up thyself,
Exert thy power and might,
And make the guilty rebels fear,
The wicked, Lord, affright.

13 Let terror seize their guilty souls,
And, trembling with dismay,
Acknowledge, humbly, thou art God,
And they but sinful clay.

PSALM 10. C. M.

1 WHY dost thou stand afar, O Lord,
And why withhold thy care,

- When bold transgressors do arise,
In time when trouble's near?
- 2 And shall the wicked, Lord, despise
Thy power and just array,
And raise their scornful heads on high
Thy pious saints to slay?
- 3 The wicked men through haughty pride
Thy name will not confess,
And in their thoughts they will not own
A God of sovereign grace.
- 4 Their hearts are full of wrath and guile,
Thy chosen saints they hate;
And underneath their lying tongues,
Lie poison and deceit.
- 5 Arise, O Lord, with power and might—
Make persecutors know,
That thine own arm defends thy saints
And brings the wicked low.
- 6 Yet wicked men they vent their spite:
In boasting pride they say,
That God will not regard his saints
Nor hearken when they pray.
- 7 But thou, O Lord, still art the same,
That still has us upheld,
As when the heathen vanquished were
And from thy land expelled.
- 8 O, may our hearts enjoy thy love,
And lend a gracious ear,
Unto the prayer of thy saints,
The children of thy care.

- 9 Let persecutors no more rage,
Nor slander upright men;
Make tyrants know they sprung from earth
And turn to earth again.

PSALM 11. C. M.

- 1 I PLACE my trust in thee, O Lord;
My spiteful foes they cry,
Fly distant like a tim'rous bird
Unto your mountain high.
- 2 If government should be laid waste,
And order overthrown—
Should law and justice be suppressed,
By saints what can be done?
- 3 The Lord has fixed his throne on high
And makes the nations yield;
Our actions all before him lie,
And thoughts lie unconcealed.
- 4 And when he does his saints chastise,
He sees 'tis for their best,
But wicked men he will despise,
His soul will them detest.
- 5 On guilty sinners God will pour
Tremendous storms of wrath,
Such as he did on Sodom shower
And kindled with his breath.
- 6 The Lord is righteous, and beholds
The righteous saints in peace;
He will bestow on humble souls
A full supply of grace.

PSALM 12. C. M.

- 1 HELP, Lord, for pious men do fail,
And virtue seems to cease ;
The wicked sons of hell prevail
And treacheries increase.
- 2 Their lying tongues are like a dart,
Their promises untrue—
With flatt'ring lips and double heart
They smile and murder too.
- 3 But lips that's cover'd with deceit
Shall not maintain their ground ;
The Lord in vengeance them will meet
And liars will confound.
- 4 Should we reprove their hateful way
Their angry words are thus :
Is not our tongue our own, they say,
Who will be Lord o'er us ?
- 5 Lord, when the vilest men prevail,
And wicked acts abound—
When faithfulness begins to fail,
And love can scarce be found—
- 6 Is not thy time then near at hand,
To rescue the opprest :
The time thy saints shall firmly stand,
And on thy promise rest ?
- 7 Now, saith the Lord, I will arise,
Oppressors I'll cast down ;
With dread dismay I'll them surprise,
And will my children own.

- 8 Thy word, O Lord, is very pure,
Like silver seven times tried ;
Thy promises to saints are sure,
That do in thee confide.

PSALM 13. C. M.

- 1 HOW long, O Lord, wilt thou conceal
And hide from me thy face—
How long, my King, before I feel
Thy kind and quick'ning rays ?
- 2 How long wilt thou forsake me, Lord,
Shall I forgotten be—
And mourn the absence of thy word
As one that's cast away ?
- 3 O, when wilt thou relieve my mind
From heaviness and woe,
For Satan does rejoice to find
A praying saint brought low.
- 4 My dear Redeemer hear my cries,
Be thou my glorious light ;
O, haste, before I close mine eyes
In everlasting night.
- 5 Look how the sons of hell rejoice
To see my inward grief :
But I have heard thy gracious voice,
My soul has found relief.
- 6 At thy command the wicked fly,
E'en Satan cannot stand
The awful terror of thine eye,
Nor bear thy dread command.

- 7 My God, thy name I'll magnify
For giving me thy peace ;
In thy salvation I will joy,
And sing redeeming grace.

PSALM 14. C. M.

- 1 THERE is no God, the simple fools
Do in their hearts maintain,
Nor Providence, that overrules
The destinies of men.
- 2 With such blasphemous thoughts as these
Corruptions do arise ;
Their hands are filled with guilty bribes,
Their tongues delight in lies.
- 3 God, from his glorious throne on high,
Did cast his eyes below,
To see if he could find one man
That did his precepts know.
- 4 But all by nature are unclean ;
We all are prone to ill ;
Not one observes his righteous laws,
Not one performs his will.
- 5 They speak with false deceitful tongues,
Their neighbours they defame ;
They love to work iniquity,
And glory in their shame.
- 6 This enmity, the seeds of sin,
Are sown in every heart ;
Nor can we free ourselves from guilt,
Till God his grace impart.

- 7 The wicked rise against the just
And slandering lies proclaim ;
They neither learn to do thy will,
Nor love thy sacred name.
- 8 Great God, alarm their guilty fears,
And make them know thy power ;
That they no more, with greediness,
Thy humble saints devour.
- 9 Know that the Lord dwells with the just,
Though wicked men may jeer ;
That we should trust thy sovereign grace,
And they meet with despair.
- 10 O, how I long for Zion's King
Her captives to release,
Thy children then shall praise thy name,
And Israel shall have peace.

PSALM 15. C. M.

- 1 WHO shall ascend to thine abode,
O God of sovereign grace—
Who will the Lord receive on high
To dwell before his face ?
- 2 The humble and the contrite man,
Who walks in wisdom's ways ;
Whose works are fruits of righteousness,
Whose lips the truth express—
- 3 Who will not deal in sly deceit,
Nor slander, nor defame,
Nor will he spread an ill report
Against his neighbour's name.

- 4 Vile wealthy men he will despise,
But loves the sons of grace ;
And though he swears to his own hurt,
He 's true to what he says.
- 5 The man that bribes will scorn, nor wrongs
The humble and sincere ;
This man shall soar to thine abode
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 16. C. M.

- 1 SAVE me, O God, I do beseech,
Thou art my trust alone ;
To thee my goodness doth not reach,
Yea, merits I have none.
- 2 I must confess to me belongs
A shameful blushing face ;
My prayers and my choicest songs
Add nothing to thy grace.
- 3 O, may I with thy saints rejoice,
With them thy praise declare ;
Thy saints on earth they are my choice
And children of thy care.
- 4 Let sinners choose the sons of night
And revel in their wine,
Thy people, Lord, are my delight,
Their language is divine.

PAUSE.

- 5 Their sorrows shall increase with haste
Who idol gods do seek,

Their offerings I will not taste
Nor I their names will speak.

6 God is my portion and my light,
His gracious love is free ;
He gives me knowledge in the night
And teaches me by day.

7 I set the Lord before me still,
He is my only stay,
He keeps my soul and guards me well,
I shall not moved be.

8 My faith is strong when he is nigh,
His name be ever blest—
My heart is glad, in him I joy,
My flesh in hope shall rest.

9 Though in the tomb my body's laid,
Yet there thou wilt not leave
My flesh to dwell among the dead,
Nor moulder in the grave.

10 The path of life thou wilt make known
And raise me up on high,
To dwell for ever on thy throne
Above the starry sky.

11 Thus Israel's royal shepherd sung
In Christ's exalted name,
And the words from his inspired tongue,
The Lord fulfilled the same.

12 Jesus, who on the cross was slain,
And whom the saints adore,
The grave could not its prey retain,
He lives for evermore.

- 13 When shall I reach the heavenly hills,
My home, my blest abode—
There I shall meet my Father's smiles
And see my Saviour God.

PSALM 17. C. M.

- 1 ARISE, almighty, sovereign Lord,
And cast the wicked down ;
Save me from men who are thy sword,
They're in thy hand alone.
- 2 From treacherous men who make a show,
Do thou deliver me ;
They have their portion here below,
Then sink in misery.
- 3 Then let them prosper in their ways,
And boast of all their wealth,
Thou art my God whom I will praise,
My joy, my peace and health.
- 4 The face of my sin pardoning God
I shall behold in peace,
Being wash'd in the atoning blood
I'm sanctified by grace.
- 5 Now since I of thy grace partake,
And like my Saviour drest,
Then in the morning when I wake,
I satisfied shall rest.

PSALM 18. C. M.

- 1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
Now is thy power revealed ;

- Thou art my rock and my defence,
My glory and my shield.
- 2 Death's terrors then before me stood,
In dismal aspect there,
When Belial's sons came like a flood
My soul did faint with fear.
- 3 The yawning gates of hell I saw
With all their agony,
Which none but guilty rebels know :
Despair took hold of me.
- 4 I called on God now in my grief
And he remembered me,
His sovereign grace sent me relief
And set me safe and free.
- 5 He flew to save me in distress,
On cherubims he rode,
And glittering as the lightning's blaze
Shone my Redeemer God.
- 6 He did restrain his chastisement,
At the blast of his breath
He from on high salvation sent,
And rescued me from death.
- 7 With strength and power my foes appear,
In rage they still increase ;
But Christ, my King, is conqueror
O'er all the spiteful race.
- 8 My praise to him shall never cease
While I existence have,
Now to my God of sovereign grace,
I all the glory give.

PART II.

- 9 According to my righteousness
Thou hast thy love made known,
Before me still thy laws I place
And thou my cause wilt own.
- 10 Since I'm supported by thine hand
I've learned thy pleasant ways ;
Or, should I stray from thy command,
Thou wilt restore me peace.
- 11 What strivings, Lord, are in my breast,
Which breaks my peace within ;
But through thy grace I'll guard against
My much beloved sin.
- 12 O, give me strength to mortify
My sins which vex me still,
That close besetting sin destroy
Which works against my will.
- 13 For thou art just in all thy ways,
Thou 'rt faithful, good and kind ;
And those who trust thy sovereign grace
Shall peace and comfort find.
- 14 The pure in heart, that serve the Lord,
Shall find thy word more pure ;
But vengeful men for their reward
Thy vengeance shall endure.

PART III.

- 15 Thy ways are just, thy word is pure,
Thou rock of my defence ;

The Lord our God is a strong tower
And refuge for his saints.

16 His sword he gives to me to wield,
To fight my foes and sin ;
His full salvation is my shield,
And makes the vict'ry mine.

17 The God of my salvation lives,
And his design fulfils ;
His angry frown the proud receives,
But saints enjoy his smiles.

18 My Father's name I'll magnify
Before the scornful race,
Nor will I fear their subtlety,
But bear with the disgrace.

19 He great deliverance did afford
To David and his seed,
His grace to saints through Christ our
Lord
Will be unlimited.

PSALM 19. C. M.

1 THY glories Lord, the heavens proclaim,
Thy works how bright they shine ;
Sun, moon and stars declare thy name,
And own thy hand divine.

2 Day unto day, and night to night,
Thy power and skill displays,
While still the darkness and the light
Pursue their changing ways.

- 3 In every clime, through every land,
Their voice is heard and known;
By them the doings of thy hand
And mighty power is shown.
- 4 Ye Christian lands your songs prepare,
Here he makes known his grace—
We are not left as heathens are
To learn his sacred ways.
- 5 My God, I love the book of grace,
How pure is every word,
That perfect book shall guide my ways
And joy to me afford.
- 6 Thy laws are holy, just and good,
From these I learn thy will;
Not honey, nor the richest food,
Can so much pleasure yield.
- 7 Thy judgments, Lord, are true and right,
Thy promises are sure,
The finest gold with flattering sight
Can no such joys secure.
- 8 O, who can understand his faults!
Lord, cleanse thou me within,
From secret crimes and sinful thoughts,
And all presumptuous sin.
- 9 While I employ my heart and tongue
And in thy praise partake,
My sovereign, God, accept the song
For my Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 20. C. M.

- 1 GIVE ear, O God of sovereign grace,
Unto thy people's prayer,
Thou art our hope in sore distress,
To save when trouble's near.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
When shields and bucklers fail;
He from on high salvation sends
And guards his people well.
- 3 He bears in memory our moans,
His love exceeds our praise;
Our griefs, our sorrows and our groans,
Are pleasing in his eyes.
- 4 Our confidence is in his grace,
In Israel's God we're blest;
Our banner in his name we'll raise,
And on his arm we'll rest.
- 5 In horses some place confidence,
On chariots some depend,
But Israel's God is our defence
And our almighty friend.
- 6 O, may his name our hearts inspire
To do his holy will,
Our foes shall quickly then retire,
Or perish in the field.
- 7 Save us, we pray, O Lord most high,
And make us firm and strong,
Until thy goodness crowns our joy
In a triumphant song.

PSALM 21. C. M.

- 1 THE king was glad in God his strength,
And crowned by special grace,
But unto Christ alone belongs
Triumphant songs of praise.
- 2 The blest Messiah's joy was great
To do his Father's will ;
The Lord will his dominions spread,
And his desire fulfil.
- 3 For thou didst not from him withhold
Whate'er request he made,
And thou hast placed a glorious crown
On his illustrious head.
- 4 Honour and glorious majesty
Thou hast upon him laid,
That glory which he had from God
Before the worlds were made.
- 5 Thine hand shall find the wicked out,
And all his spiteful foes :
Thy vengeance shall devour them like
A fiery oven that glows.

PSALM 22. C. M.

- 1 WHY has my God forsaken me ?
Thus David did complain ;
And thus our Lord cried on the cross,
In agony and pain.
- 2 To dwell with saints is thy delight,
And thy dear children own
Thou hast an ear for their complaints,
Thou pitiest every moan.

- 3 Our fathers placed their trust in thee,
And thou didst them defend,
But I'm a worm, and trodden down,
And am despised by men.
- 4 With wagging heads they me deride,
Shoot out their lips do they :
In God he trusted but in vain,
'To set him free, they say.
- 5 But thou art he who brought'st me forth
According to thy word,
And from my mother's breasts my hope
Is in my sovereign Lord.
- 6 Why will my Father now withdraw,
While raging foes stand round,
And in the time of my distress
When none to help is found.

PAUSE.

- 7 Thy darling one now left among
The sons of cruelty,
Who are like lions-ravening
And roaring for their prey.
- 8 Those fiends of earth and hell unite,
And with increasing pride,
My hands and feet nail to the cross
And perforate my side.
- 9 Yet if the Lord permits those fiends
In wickedness to run,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
His well beloved Son.

- 10 My God, if it be possible,
This cup let pass, he begs :
Thy will be done, not mine, he said,
Then drank it to the dregs.
- 11 With unknown pangs my heart is broke,
My breath in groans I waste,
Thy hand has crushed and brought me
down
To dust of death thou hast.
- 12 Now to my heavenly Father's hand
My spirit I commend ;
My flesh shall rest in hope till thou
Shall bid me rise again.

PAUSE.

- 13 Now from the raging lion's mouth
Protect thy darling well,
Nor leave thy Son to fight alone
The powers of earth and hell.
- 14 'Twas thus, in mournful cries and tears,
Jesus our Saviour prayed ;
His Father heard him in that day
And all his fears allayed.
- 15 Great was his triumph on the cross,
His gracious throne sublime,
And all the nations of the earth
Shall homage pay to him.
- 16 A glorious offspring shall come forth
From his last dying groans,
And in all ages reckon'd be
For true and faithful sons.

- 17 The poor in spirit shall receive
The kind provision made,
And all that trust the Lord shall see
Their table richly spread.
- 18 Our Saviour, God, the distant isles
Shall learn thy righteousness,
And people yet unborn shall own
And trust thy sovereign grace.

PSALM 23. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord himself my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
His tender care and sovereign grace
Will be my guard and guide.
- 2 He leads me where salvation flows,
To banquet on his love,
Where sweet celestial pasture grows
And living waters move.
- 3 And when I wander from his ways
He pardons my mistake,
And leads me in the paths of peace
For his own mercy's sake.
- 4 My Saviour, God, be thou my aid,
Then shall I fear no ill ;
And though I walk through death's dark
shade,
My shepherd's with me still.
- 5 Am I in darkness and in doubt ?
Thou art my strength and stay ;
Thy rod and staff will me support,
And guide my doubtful way.

How are the sons of hell dismayed,
In anguish keen and sore,
To see my board so richly spread,
And my cup running o'er.

When on my head thy spirit rests,
Like oil divinely shed,
I praise thee for thy bounteous feast,
The rich provision made.

Surely thy goodness, O my God,
Will bless me all my days,
And in thy house, my blest abode,
I'll ever sing thy praise.

PSALM 24. C. M.

THE solid earth is all the Lord's,
And all thereon he owns ;
He based the building on the floods,
And gave it to men's sons.

But there's a world above the sky,
Thy splendid, bright abode :
Who shall ascend to dwell on high,
So near his sovereign God ?

The man that worketh righteousness,
Whose ways are clean and pure :
God will impart to him his grace,
And joys that shall endure.

These are the righteous men that seek
The God of Jacob's face,
The Lord delights to bless the meek
And humble sons of grace.

- 5 Ye splendid worlds rejoice and sing,
Your King of glory see ;
But who is this exalted King ?
The mighty Saviour he.
- 6 Ye heavenly gates be lifted high,
Prepare the Lord a way ;
Lo, now he soars above the sky
To reign in endless day.
- 7 In awful grandeur from the dead
He ope's the heavenly gate,
And has, for saints, provision made
At his right hand a seat.

PSALM 25. C. M.

- 1 TO thee I lift my soul, O Lord,
I place my trust in thee ;
Let not my foes, pleased with my shame,
Still triumph over me.
- 2 The sons of hell would me persuade
My Maker does me hate—
O, make me know thy cov'nant, Lord,
And on thee fearless wait.
- 3 From the first beams of morning light,
Till evening shades appear,
I long for thy salvation, Lord,
And wait with anxious care.
- 4 Remember, Lord, thy tender love,
And lead me in thy ways :
The errors of my youth forgive,
And sins of later days.

- 5 The Lord is holy, just and good,
He crowns the meek with grace—
And every humble penitent
Shall learn his pleasant ways.
- 6 In mercy, for his goodness sake,
My soul from shame he saves;
My sins he pardons through my Lord,
And his rich blessing gives.
- 7 What man is he that fears the Lord?
He will direct his ways,
Who loves to plead his promises
And trust his sovereign grace.
- 8 He will communicate to him
The secret of the Lord:
His cov'nant unto him will show,
How faithful is his word.
- 9 In all God's dealing with his saints
His truth and mercy stands,
To such as keep his cov'nant well
And practice his commands.
- 10 Their souls shall always dwell at ease,
Before the Lord their King,
Their seed inherit shall the earth,
And praises to him sing.
- 11 My longing eyes and my desire,
Towards the Lord they are;
His promised grace is all my trust,
I look for pardon there.
- 12 O, turn thee to my soul, O God;
My hope on thee is set;

- Grant me thy care to guard my feet,
To 'scape the tempter's net.
- 13 My dear Redeemer and my God,
Thy sovereign grace I plead ;
O, make me shun those dang'rous ways
Wherein my feet have strayed.
- 14 The wild commotion of my thoughts
Afflict my weary mind,
My strength is failed, my heart is faint,
And no relief I find.
- 15 When ev'ry morning sun appears,
New troubles on me flow ;
Look on my grief and sorrow, Lord,
And grace to me bestow.
- 16 See my malicious enemies,
How cruel is their spite !
'They plot to take away my life
Through envy and deceit.
- 17 Do thou preserve my soul, O God,
And keep me free from shame,
For I have all my confidence
Placed in my Saviour's name.
- 18 Now with humility and faith
I wait to see thy grace ;
Redeem thy chosen Israel, Lord,
Thy people do thou bless.

PSALM 26. C. M.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and search my way,
Try heart and reins, O God,

- Thy promise is my only stay,
Thy paths my feet have trod.
- 2 I hate the painted hypocrite,
And those who joy in lies ;
With such vile men I will not sit,
Their actions I despise.
- 3 The saints are clothed in righteousness,
With them I will appear,
And when thine altar I address,
I plead thy merits there.
- 4 Thy habitation, Lord, I love,
There I delight to dwell,
To hear thy word, and to approve,
And thy sweet mercies tell.
- 5 Gather me not with the vile race,
Whose hands are stained with blood ;
Since I on earth have passed my days,
With thy dear saints, my God.

PSALM 27. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thou art my glorious light,
On me thy goodness overflows ;
Thou art my strength, I will not fear
The malice of my raging foes.
- 2 One thing I earnestly desire :
O, grant to me a happy place,
Among thy well-beloved saints,
Within the churches of thy grace.

- 3 There my desire I shall make known,
And see with joy thy beauty still ;
Shall hear the pleasure of thy grace,
And there inquire thy sacred will.
- 4 Although an host of foes should rise,
There may thy people safely hide ;
The Lord has a pavilion, where
His saints forever shall abide.
- 5 My head is lifted now above
All my surrounding enemies,
And joyful songs of triumph sound
Within thy consecrated place.

PAUSE.

- 6 My sovereign Lord, when thou didst say,
Ye chosen sons, come seek my grace,
My heart did quickly then reply,
I'll seek my heavenly Father's face.
- 7 Hide not thy love from me, O Lord,
Nor thy displeasure manifest,
To thee I fly, thou art my hope,
When I am grieved and sore opprest.
- 8 Should both my parents me forsake,
And prove unfaithful and unkind,
The Lord will guide me in his ways,
And every needful good I'll find.
- 9 My feeble flesh with grief had died,
If I had not believed thy word,
And seen thy love to me made known,
And kindness of my sovereign Lord.

- 10 Trust in the Lord, ye pious saints,
With strength and fortitude of mind ;
God will support your sinking hopes,
And joys immortal you shall find.

PSALM 27. C. M.

- 1 THOU art my hope, my sovereign God,
And my Almighty friend,
Thy strong right arm my battles fought,
And all my vict'ries gained.
- 2 One privilege I do request,
O give to me a place
Among the children of the blest,
In temples of thy grace.
- 3 There I shall offer songs of praise,
And see what I desire,
Shall hear the order of thy grace,
And there thy will inquire.
- 4 Although an host of foes appear,
I safely there shall hide ;
The Lord has a pavilion where
His people shall abide.
- 5 My head e'en now is lifted high,
O'er all my spiteful foes,
And sweet victorious songs of joy
Sound in thy sacred house.

- PART II.

- 6 Almighty Lord, when thou didst say,
Ye saints come seek my face,

- My heart did quickly then reply,
I'll seek thy heavenly grace.
- 7 Hide not thy face, O Lord, from me,
Nor cast me from thy care;
Thou art my God, I fly to thee,
In time when trouble's near.
- 8 Though should my parents me forsake,
And see me trodden down,
My dear Redeemer will me take,
And all my hopes will crown.
- 9 I fainted had, if I had not
Believed thy sacred word,
And seen the goodness of my God,
Who did me help afford.
- 10 Ye humble saints, trust in his grace,
With fortitude of mind,
Come place your hope in him always,
And you shall comfort find.

PSALM 27. S. M.

- 1 O LORD, thou art my light,
Salvation on me flows,
Thy strong right hand, and arm of might,
Has conquered all my foes.
- 2 Now I desire one thing,
O grant to me a place
Among the saints to pray and sing,
In temples of thy grace.

- 3 There I shall offer praise,
And see thy beauty shine,
Shall hear the order of thy grace,
And learn thy will divine.
- 4 When spiteful foes appear,
There I may flee and hide :
The Lord has a pavilion where
I safely shall abide.
- 5 My head even now is found
'Bove my surrounding foes,
And pleasing songs of victory sound
Within thy sacred house.

PART II.

- 6 Lord, when I heard thee say,
Ye saints come seek my grace,
My heart did quickly then reply,
I'll seek my Father's face.
- 7 Hide not thy love from me,
Nor cast me from thy care ;
God of my strength I trust in thee,
In time when trouble's near.
- 8 Should parents both me leave,
To perish or to want,
The Lord for me a care will have,
And every blessing grant.
- 9 With grief I fainted had,
If I had not believed,
And seen the goodness of my God,
Who kindly me relieved.

- 10 Wait on the Lord ye saints,
And trust in him alone,
He richly will supply your wants,
And your desires will crown,

PSALM 28. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, to thee I raise my cry,
Attend unto my prayer,
My soul would all in ruin lie,
If thou refuse thine ear.
- 2 When to thy holy hill I come,
And plead thy righteousness,
O guard me safe, and keep me from
The vile deceitful race.
- 3 Those false, malicious sons of hell,
Despise thy power and might,
But justice sinks them down to dwell
In everlasting night.
- 4 Forever blessed be the Lord
Who heard my mournful cries,
Who made me trust his promised Word,
And taste his heavenly joys.
- 5 Ye humble souls when troubled sore,
By faith draw near to God,
He will employ his pardoning power,
And give you heavenly food.

PSALM 28. S. M.

- 1 TO thee I cry, my God,
Unto my prayer attend ;

- O hear me from thy blest abode,
I on thy grace depend.
- 2 When to thy holy hill,
I come and plead for grace,
O guard me safe, and keep me still
From the perfidious race.
- 3 The wicked sons of hell,
Despise thy power and reign,
Thy vengeance sends them down to dwell
In everlasting pain.
- 4 Now blessed be the Lord,
Who heard my weeping voice,
Who kindly did me help afford,
And made me taste his joys.
- 5 Let every trembling saint
Draw near to God with zeal,
He will his pardoning power grant,
And promises fulfil.

PSALM 29. C. M.

- 1 YE sons of might, give to the Lord
Exalted power and fame,
Proclaim the honour of his word,
The glory due his name.
- 2 The Lord makes known his power abroad,
And rules the earth and seas,
His awful voice divides the cloud,
And makes the lightnings blaze.
- 3 At his command the tempest sweeps
The wide spread forest round,

The tim'rous heart with terror leaps,
Affrighted at the sound.

4 He speaks, and lo! the cedar trees
Of Lebanon doth break,
The hills shake at his awful voice,
And barren deserts quake.

5 The Lord is monarch of the flood,
And rules the worlds on high,
But gives his saints all needful good,
And will their wants supply.

6 The Lord in milder language there
Bestows his heavenly grace;
In storms that sinners fill with fear,
He to his saints speaks peace.

PSALM 30. C. M.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, for thou
Canst heal disease and pain;
'Tis unto thee alone I owe
My health and peace again.

2 O sing unto the Lord, ye saints,
And magnify his grace,
He bows an ear to your complaints
In time of sore distress.

3 His wrath, 'twill for a moment last,
His grace prolongs my days,
Grief may a night my comforts blast,
But morning brings me peace.

4 My health was firm, my day was clear,
Which made me rest secure,

While in my heart I cherished there
That peace would still endure.

5 But I forgot thee, O my guide,
Who strong my mountain made,
For when thy count'nance thou didst hide,
Then all my comforts fled.

6 To thee, O Lord, I cry and mourn,
What profit's in my blood,
For in the grave can I make known
The goodness of my God?

7 Hear me, I said, O gracious God,
And bring me from the grave;
Thy grace rebuked the heavy load,
Thy mercy did me save.

8 My griefs and fears are silenced now,
For I have comfort found,
My sackcloth on the ground I throw,
And gladness girds me round.

9 My glory, Lord, to thee I yield,
To praise thy name divine,
For thou alone my sickness healed,
And pardoned all my sin.

PSALM 31. L. M.

1 O LORD, my God, of truth and grace,
My spirit I commit to thee,
My soul thou hast redeemed from death,
And thy salvation set me free.

2 Despair and hope on every side,
Upheld their contest and the strife,

My wicked foes in counsel join,
And plot to take away my life.

- 3 My times are in thy hand, I said,
Thou wilt direct them for the best,
Thou art my rock, and my strong tower,
My hiding place, and place of rest.
- 4 O, make thy countenance to shine
Upon thy humble servant, Lord,
For with devotion, I am thine,
And may thy grace be my reward.

PAUSE.

- 5 I am cut off before thine eyes,
In haste, my doubting spirit said ;
But thou hast heard my weeping voice,
And gave to me thy gracious aid.
- 6 How large, how free thy goodness, Lord,
Thy shining countenance, how sweet,
And those who trust thy sovereign grace,
Their joys are perfect and complete.
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
Proclaim his glorious praise aloud,
His mercy will supply your wants,
He amply will reward the proud.

PART II.

- 8 My God, thy mercy is my trust,
With joy I'll magnify thy name ;
Thou hast preserved me safe from death,
Mine honour from reproach and shame.

- 9 My life is spent with fear and dread,
My years I waste in sighs and moans,
Mine eyes are dried, my strength declines,
And grief of mind consumes my bones.
- 10 Among my foes I am a scorn,
My friends they look on me with dread,
And to my neighbours near I am
Forgotten and unnoticed.
- 11 Foul sland'ring tongues beset me round,
On every side I met with fear :
I to thy sovereign grace applied,
And thou didst lend a gracious ear.

PAUSE.

- 12 Thy goodness, O how wonderful,
Which thou hast wrought before all men;
The lying lips are silenced now,
And all their joyful boasting vain.
- 13 From strife of tongues, thy chosen saints
Shall in thy strong pavilion hide ;
Thou wilt preserve them from disgrace,
And slay the haughty sons of pride.
- 14 Within thy secret place, O Lord,
Let me abide forever more,
No city strongly fortified
Can guard thy children so secure.

PSALM 32. C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man to whom the Lord
Freely forgives his sin,
Whose trust is in the promised word,
To make him pure and clean.

- 2 His hateful crimes no more shall rise
Before the judgment throne,
He pleads a perfect sacrifice
As his sure hope alone.
- 3 His soul abhors ensnaring lies,
And his designs are pure ;
His prudent walk and watchful eyes
Will keep his mind secure.
- 4 How excellent that righteousness
Which covers all his sin,
While rich supplies of heavenly grace
Through all his actions run.

PART II.

- 5 While I concealed my grievous guilt,
No comfort could I find,
What dreadful pain my conscience felt,
What anguish seized my mind.
- 6 I will acknowledge to the Lord
My secret sins, I said ;
Thy spirit then did grace afford,
Thy word my fears allayed.
- 7 For this shall every one that's wise
Their prayer to thee make known ;
And then when fears and troubles rise,
They'll hasten to thy throne.
- 8 I'm safe beneath thy guardian care,
From ev'ry raging storm,
My God will save me from each snare,
And keep me safe from harm.

PSALM 33. L. M.

- 1 YE righteous in the Lord, rejoice,
With holy joy declare his praise,
Sing of his name with cheerful voice,
And tell how wondrous are his ways.
- 2 Let heaven and earth proclaim aloud
His mercy and his faithfulness ;
The works of nature own him God,
And Providence reveals his grace.
- 3 His word with power and skill divine,
The shining skies with glory spread ;
He bids the starry hosts to shine,
And light the heavens his wisdom made.
- 4 The waters of the mighty deep,
Are bound by his Almighty hand ;
He makes the raging billows sleep,
And swell again at his command.
- 5 Let all that dwell upon the earth,
With veneration fear the Lord,
He spake, and lo ! the world sprang forth,
And moves according to his word.
- 6 The scornful race in every land
Shall fail in all their ill designs ;
God's counsel shall forever stand,
Pure, just, and true, it ever shines.

PART II.

- 7 O, greatly blest that nation is,
Where God has placed his gracious
throne,

- Where he makes known his heavenly grace,
And takes the people for his own.
- 8 Though in the highest heavens he reigns
He sees all on the earth that dwell ;
He forms their hearts as pleaseth him,
And knows our feeble frames full well.
- 9 Kings are not saved with all the power
Or force of armies which they have,
Nor can the horse, well trained for war,
Secure his rider from the grave.
- 10 The power of men and beasts are vain,
And can no preservation bring,
But pious saints they do obtain
Their safety from their sovereign King.
- 11 The fear of God is in their heart,
When famine wastes he is their trust ;
God will to saints his grace impart,
And pour his blessings on the just.
- 12 O Lord, our hearts rejoice in thee,
O let thy count'nance on us shine ;
Our joy, our hope, our only stay,
Is in thy sovereign grace divine.

PSALM 34. C. M.

- 1 I BLESS the Lord, all times his praise
Upon my tongue shall dwell ;
Ye faithful souls come seek his grace,
And his sweet mercies tell.
- 2 Come let us magnify the Lord,
And bless his holy name ;

- I sought his sovereign grace, he heard,
And rescued me from shame.
- 3 My troubles to the Lord I told,
And he to me gave ear,
His love to me he did unfold
And chased away my fear.
- 4 The poor to him lift up their cries,
Their countenances shine,
While glorious light breaks from the skies
And fills their humble mind.
- 5 His angels pitch their camps around
The well beloved saints,
God's fear within their hearts is found,
He is their sure defence.
- 6 The wild young lions in distress,
May suffer hunger's pain ;
But they who trust his sovereign grace,
All needful good obtain.

PART II.

- 7 Come children hear, and I'll explain
How you should fear the Lord ;
From lying lips you must refrain,
Nor speak a spiteful word.
- 8 If length of days is your desire,
A quiet life and long ;
Of base deceit you must beware,
From slander guard your tongue.
- 9 Depart from evil, speak the truth,
Pursue the paths of peace,

- The Lord will then protect your youth,
And bless with happy days.
- 10 His eye beholds your pious ways
With pleasure and delight,
But sets his awful frowning face
Against the sons of spite.
- 11 The grieved hearts and troubled minds,
He grace to them imparts,
He pardons and forgives their sins,
And heals their broken hearts.
- 12 He sees their sorrows, hears their moans,
His Son their ransom paid,
His holy Spirit heals their bones,
And makes his people glad.
- 13 When desolation like a storm,
Lays hopes of sinners waste,
My God will keep his saints from harm,
They on his promise rest.
- 14 Evil shall slay the wicked race,
But God protects the just,
O happy souls that learn his ways,
And in his mercy trust.

PSALM 35. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sympathizing cares
Which pious David kindly shows ;
See what generous love he bears,
For his inveterate suffering foes.
- 2 When they are sick his spirit moans,
And 'pears to feel their racking pains,

His tender heart complains in groans
While gospel grace within him reigns.

- 3 Towards his foe he did behave
As if a brother he had been,
And with fasting he prays to save
The lives of brutish wicked men.
- 4 With vile reproach his name they curst,
Yet still he humbly pleads and mourns;
While heavenly blessings on him rest,
And peace and happiness returns.
- 5 O splendid type of grace divine,
So Christ our Saviour advocates,
While bold transgressors pride in sin,
The blest Redeemer thus intreats.
- 6 Christ the true David loved of God,
And Israel's illustrious King,
To save his saints left his abode,
And paid their ransom, bore their sins.

PSALM 36. C. M.

- 1 HIGH in the splendid heavens, O Lord,
Thy mercy ever shines,
Through mists and clouds the truth shall
break
That covers thy designs.
- 2 Thy righteousness forever stands,
And firm as mountains keep,
Thy mighty works are wonderful,
Thy judgments are a deep.
- 3 With tender care both man and beast
Are guarded in thy sight,

All things that live on thee depend,
But saints are thy delight.

4 How glorious is thy grace, O God,
From thee our joys arise,
And underneath thy guardian wings
Our hope and safety lies.

5 From the rich fulness of thy house
We on thy bounty feast,
And from the river of thy love
Shall thy salvation taste.

6 Life, like a fountain free and pure,
Springs from thy sovereign grace;
And in thy glorious light we see
The promises of peace.

PSALM 36. L. M.

1 WHILE wicked men go on in sin,
And yet a sovereign power still own;
I often am inclined to say
Their sinful actions say there's none.

2 Their very thoughts at once make known
The words their sinful lips express,
God's indignation they fear not,
Nor ask the favour of his grace.

3 Self-flattering hope still blinds their eyes,
But that tremendous day is near
When in despair they shall behold
The lightning of thy glittering spear.

4 Thy righteousness forever stands,
Though mountains melt before thy face;

- Thy judgments are a vast unknown,
Which no created mind can trace.
- 5 Above the starry heavens, O Lord,
Thy mercy in perfection reigns,
Thy truth shall live when nature dies,
And in full glory ever shines.
- 6 Thy providence is kind and free,
Thy goodness feeds both man and beast,
And under thy protecting wings
Thy people there may safely rest.
- 7 When creature comforts cease to flow,
And earthly pleasures waste away,
Thou wilt thy heavenly grace bestow
To thy dear saints who trust in thee.
- 8 Then when the light of day shall cease,
And death our mortal eyes close up ;
Then Christ our sun of righteousness
Will be our light, our joy, and hope.

PSALM 37. L. M.

- 1 WHY should I grieve my mind and fret
When perfidious men in power rise,
Or hate the sons of sly deceit
Who utter false malicious lies ?
- 2 As like the grass at morn cut down,
Before the setting sun it fades,
So all their joys shall perish soon
In never ending gloomy shades.
- 3 Then in thy sovereign grace I'll trust,
And on thine arm I will repose ;

My dwelling shall be with the just,
And Providence my food bestows.

4 I will commit my ways to thee,
And with submission wait thy will,
Thine hand which guides my wandering
way
Shall my best wishes all fulfill.

5 My innocence thou wilt adorn
When thy just judgments are made
known,
Clear as the rosy beams of morn,
And shining as the noonday sun.

6 The meek delight themselves in peace,
And shall possess the earth at last,
For they are clothed in righteousness,
And on thy promises they rest.

PAUSE.

7 Wait on the Lord and trust his grace,
Nor fret yourself in any wise,
Though God his justice long delays
To punish sinners for their vice.

8 Let scorers join to break you down,
And all their angry rage employ ;
The Lord their counsel will confound,
He sees the day of vengeance nigh.

9 The wicked have drawn out the sword
And bent their threatening bow to slay
The righteous saints that fear the Lord,
And men that walk in upright way.

- 10 God will in pieces break their bow
And disappoint their ill designs,
For their own swords shall pierce them
through,
And sink them down in endless pains.

PART II.

- 11 Why should the wealthy sinner vaunt,
And grow most wickedly profane,
The humble portion of a saint
Exceeds the sinner's richest gain.
- 12 The wicked from his friend receives,
But ne'er intends the same to pay,
Whereas the saint in kindness gives,
Nor turns the indigent away.
- 13 With generous heart his goods he shares
Among the needy sons of want,
His name on earth is blest, his heirs
Shall flourish like a thrifty plant.
- 14 His tongue abhors the speech profane,
The slander vile, the fraud, the lie,
His actions and his ways to men
Are justice, truth, and verity.
- 15 The gospel and the law of God
Is deep engraven on his heart,
He is directed by the word,
And from the way he'll not depart.
- 16 When sinners sink to endless night,
The righteous saints shall firmly stand,
And shall inherit with delight
Their title of the promised land.

PART III.

- 17 The steps of righteous men, O Lord,
Are ruled by thine unerring will,
Although cast down they are restored,
Thy mighty power upholds them still.
- 18 The Lord beholds them with delight,
And justifies their pious ways;
He'll never cast them from his sight,
Nor take from them his saving grace.
- 19 He is the portion of his saints,
Their God, their everlasting love;
His grace provides for all their wants,
And makes them kings and priests above.
- 20 Wait on the Lord, and do not fret,
Nor dread the guilty sinner's frown,
For you shall own their pride was great
When all their hopes are overthrown.

PAUSE.

- 21 The bold blasphemer have I seen
Despise thy laws, and them defied,
And like a bay-tree tall and green,
With arms extended far and wide.
- 22 And lo, unseen he perished there,
Consigned to everlasting pain,
And not a remnant did appear
Where all that pride and vice did reign.
- 23 But mark the perfect and behold
The happy man of righteousness,
God will to him his love unfold,
And crown his latter days with peace.

PSALM 38. C. M.

- 1 IN thy displeasure, great, O Lord,
Remember me with love,
Nor smite with thy chastising sword,
Avenging wrath remove.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within me fast,
Thine hand has pressed me down,
My flesh and heart with troubles waste,
And all my peace is gone.
- 3 My follies I confess are great,
Gone o'er my head they are,
And like a heavy pressing weight,
Too much for me to bear.
- 4 I am bowed down with grief and woe,
I bear a guilty load,
While all day long I mourning go,
Beneath thy chastening rod.
- 5 I am disheartened and afraid,
Disease has made me blind;
With keen remorse my wounds they bleed,
And rack my tortured mind.
- 6 All my requests are known to thee,
My tears they numbered are,
And to my groans and every sigh,
Thou lend'st a gracious ear.
- 7 O Lord, thou art my only hope,
My God my cause will own,
The Lord will bear me safely up,
When foes would cast me down

- 8 And when I from thy precepts slide,
Mine enemies are glad,
With pleasure and exulting pride,
They raise their haughty head.
- 9 But I will own I broke thy laws,
And mourn my sinful ways;
I grieve to think how weak I was,
And beg for heavenly grace.
- 10 Forsake me not, O God of grace,
But visit me in love,
And clothe me in thy righteousness,
Before my last remove.

PSALM 39. C. M.

- 1 MY ways before the Lord, I have
Firmly resolved to guard;
Nor will I once permit my tongue
To speak a spiteful word.
- 2 And when I'm urged to stay a while
With those who are profane,
I'll place a guard before my mouth
Lest with my lips I sin.
- 3 With watchful care I silent was,
And therefore held my peace,
Lest wicked men should ridicule
And mock my pious ways.
- 4 But yet I will not be restrained
From speaking a good word;
I'll let the scornful sinner know
That I will praise the Lord.

PART II. L. M.

- 5 My Maker, my Almighty friend,
Teach me the measure of my days,
That I may know my latter end,
And learn how frail my nature is.
- 6 My days are as a hand-breadth made,
Mine age is nothing in thine eye ;
Frail man even in his best estate,
Is altogether vanity.
- 7 Look how the race of mortals strive,
And are disquieted in vain,
They toil and labour while they live,
Their pleasing object to obtain.
- 8 In rich attire some make a show,
Pleased with the gaudy dress they wear,
They work for heirs they do not know,
And then fly hence and disappear.
- 9 But I will earthly joys give up,
Nor at rich feasts will I regale,
They only disappoint my hope,
And all their expectations fail.
- 10 My hope is in thy grace divine,
And not in creatures, earth or dust,
All worldly interest I'll resign,
And make my God my only trust.

PART III. C. M.

- 11 Lord thou hast made my life thy care,
See my distressing pain,
But I am dumb and will not dare
Against thee to contend.

- 12 Pains and disease by thee are sent,
And thy commands fulfil,
I'll then not utter one complaint
Against thy sovereign will.
- 13 Yet with humility I pray,
Remove my heavy load,
My health and strength consumes away
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 14 While under thy displeasing look,
Our feeble powers decay,
We cannot bear thy sharp rebuke,
Our beauty wastes away.
- 15 I sojourn as my fathers here,
On earth my transient home,
O may thy love to me appear,
Before my summons come.
- 16 But if thou wilt my life prolong,
And give me heavenly grace,
Then I'll employ my heart and tongue
To celebrate thy praise.

PSALM 40. C. M.

- 1 I for the Lord my God did wait,
And he my cries did hear,
His eye beheld my low estate,
His grace did then appear.
- 2 He drew me from a fearful pit,
Where I in bonds did lie,
From miry clay he brought my feet,
And raised me up on high.

- 3 Safe on a rock he fixed my ways,
And made me firm and strong,
Then taught my tongue to sing his praise,
In a new grateful song.
- 4 His works of grace I will make known,
The saints shall hear with joy,
Sinners shall hasten to his throne,
And raise their voices high.
- 5 Thy love, O Lord, exceeds our praise,
And far transcends our thought,
Our language fails to speak thy ways,
Or wonders thou hast wrought ;
- 6 And when I mourn, and grieve and pine,
Finding no peace or rest,
O may thy graces in me shine,
And make me truly blest.

PAUSE.

- 7 Cease from burnt offerings, saith the Lord,
The blood of beasts is vain ;
My soul can take no more delight
In goats or bullocks slain.
- 8 Lo ! says the Saviour, I am here
To do thy will, my God,
To ransom sinners doomed to die,
And bear their weighty load.
- 9 Thy holy law I will exalt,
It on my heart is sealed,
And what is written in thy book,
By me shall be fulfilled.

- 10 Behold ! the blessed Son appears,
See our exalted head,
And at the full appointed time,
Is like his brethren made.
- 11 He did make known his Father's love,
He showed to us his grace,
And preached to large societies
Thy way of righteousness.
- 12 His Father's law he magnified,
His love to sinners showed,
And to fulfil his mission here,
For rebels shed his blood.
- 13 Not all the blood of bullocks slain,
Could cleanse us from one sin,
But the atonement which he made,
Will wash us pure and clean.
- 14 And those who seek his saving grace,
Shall largely be supplied,
And with exceeding joy shall say,
The Lord be magnified.

PSALM 41. C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose generous heart
Melts for the pious poor,
Who friendly favours will impart,
And feels what they endure.
- 2 He will relieve their suffering cries,
And ease their weary mind,
Then he in time when troubles rise,
Shall also mercy find.

- 3 The Lord will blessings on him send,
Nor need he be afraid
When drought and famine far extend,
And thousands join the dead.
- 4 Or if he suffer on his bed,
God will his guilt remove,
Will heal the breach which sin has made,
Or crown his joys above.

PSALM 42. L. M.

- 1 AS the hart pants for water brooks,
And longs to taste the cooling stream,
So pants my soul that I may come
To thee, my God, and praise thy name.
- 2 When shall I in thy courts appear,
To worship in thy holy place,
I mourn for my long absence there,
And the communion of thy grace.
- 3 With grief I spend my weary days,
My tears are mingled with my food,
While my insulting foes rejoice,
And say to me, where is your God.
- 4 My soul with sorrow is cast down,
While I remember former days,
Then with the multitude I went
Into thy courts to sing thy praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, art thou cast down,
And sunk with grief and heaviness?
Why should I thus indulge despair,
And sin against the God of grace?

- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose power alone
Can keep me safe and guide my ways,
For I shall yet enjoy his love,
And sing my blest Redeemer's praise.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 O Lord, my soul within me sinks,
But still I mind thy word,
And in the time of my distress,
Thy goodness I'll record.
- 2 Great troubles like a dreadful storm
With a tumultuous noise,
Arose like billows o'er my head,
Which banished all my joys.
- 3 But yet the Lord will show to me
His kindness in the day ;
His songs shall be my theme at night,
And to my God I'll pray.
- 4 I'll bow with reverence at his feet,
And say he is my God ;
Why will my Lord forget me now
Beneath his chastening rod ?
- 5 But why, my soul, in sorrow sunk,
Say, why to trouble yield ?
Hope in the Lord, he is my stay,
My glory and my shield.
- 6 My God, my everlasting love,
Thy word is all my joy,
Thy truth and grace will me conduct
To happy worlds on high.

PSALM 43. L. M.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and plead my cause
Against the wicked and profane ;
Defend from the deceitful race,
And save me from their ill design.
- 2 My hope depends on thee alone,
Forsake me not, my gracious God,
Nor let me sink in sorrow down,
But visit me from thine abode.
- 3 O send thy glorious light to me,
Guide me in truth and guard my ways,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
Ev'n to thy sacred dwelling-place.
- 4 Then will I to thine altar go
With pleasure and exceeding joy,
And raise my songs to him who rules
The glorious worlds of light on high.
- 5 O suffer not my soul to sink,
Nor let thy servant be cast down,
For I shall praise my Saviour yet,
And thankfully his mercies own.

PSALM 44. L. M.

- 1 THY works of old, O God, we heard,
Thy wondrous works of love and grace,
Our fathers spoke them to our ears,
The mighty deeds done in their days.
- 2 They saw the Gospel spread with joy,
And churches planted with success ;
While heavenly light breaks from on high
And fills the temple of thy grace.

- 3 All the day long in God they boast,
Humble and contrite thousands came
To meet for prayer and for praise,
And heavenly grace was all their theme.
- 4 But now we're loaded with contempt,
Shame and confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy revile,
And fools despise thy sovereign grace.
- 5 Yet we have not forgot thy laws,
Nor been unfaithful to thy grace ;
Nor have we walked in sinful paths,
Nor left the way of uprightness.
- 6 Fierce dragons with destroying breath
Have us encompass'd all around ;
We are afflicted and oppress'd,
Thy mighty hand has brought us down.

PAUSE.

- 7 All the day long we are exposed,
And die as martyrs at the stake ;
As sheep for slaughter we are bound,
And suffer for thine own name's sake.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, to our relief,
And do thou strength to us afford,
Nor let thy saints forgotten be,
Nor banish'd from thy presence Lord.
- 9 Wilt thou neglect our mournful cries,
And hide from us thy smiling face ;
Will God to us no more be kind,
Nor save us now in sore distress ?

Our drooping spirits are bowed down,
And to our foes we are exposed ;
Arise, O God, and cast them down,
And let their plans become confused.
We on thy grace depend alone,
O keep us free from sin and shame ;
We plead the merits of thy blood,
And honour of thy glorious name.

PSALM 45. C. M.

INSPIRE my heart, my heavenly King,
To praise my Saviour's name ;
Then shall my tongue with pleasure
spread
His glory and his fame.
His splendid beauty far excels
The sons of Adam's race ;
While pleasant words flowed from his lips
With sweetest heavenly grace.
Arm thee in power, illustrious Prince,
Gird on thy glittering sword,
And ride with splendid majesty
To spread the glorious word.
Thine arrows that are sharp, will pierce
Thy foes that stubborn are ;
Or words of tenderness and love
Will bring the rebels near.
Thy throne, O God, is firmly fixed,
Thy word 's a sure defence,
A pleasing sceptre in thy hands
To govern all thy saints.

- 6 God, thine own God, has with the oil
Of gladness on thee shed ;
His sacred spirit has thee blest,
And 'bove all mortals made.

PART II.

- 7 Jesus our King, how beautiful,
Adorned with grace divine ;
Lo he descends, and gospel light
Over all nations shine.
- 8 Behold his bride at his right hand,
In robes of gold is seen,
The saints esteem her splendid dress,
And virgins 'tend the queen.
- 9 Her beauties are made like his own,
Receive his love, fair bride ;
Thou must forget thy father's house,
Thy idols cast aside.
- 10 Then shall the King in thee be glad,
The object of his choice ;
Love and adore thy maker God,
From him are all thy joys.
- 11 O glorious hour when thou shalt soar
To mansions in the sky,
Where all his numerous happy sons
Like kings shall reign on high.
- 12 Illustrious honours crown his name,
And let his glory sound
From every being that has breath,
To earth's remotest bound.

PSALM 46. C. M.

- 1 GOD is our refuge and defence
When foes our rights invade ;
See him resenting our complaints
Before we ask his aid.
- 2 Though mountains from their seats be cast
Into the mighty deep,
Or earth be from her centre tost,
Yet God his saints will keep.
- 3 Although the swelling oceans roar,
We shall remain in peace,
While heathen lands on every shore
Dread the tempestuous seas.
- 4 There is a stream which does supply
The city of our God ;
There love and sweet transporting joy
Reign in our blest abode.
- 5 Thy blessed word is that pure stream
Which governs all our fear,
Thy promises are all our theme,
They joy to us declare.
- 6 The church enjoys her Saviour's love
In every threat'ning storm ;
God will to her an helper prove,
And keep her safe from harm.

PART II.

- 7 The church rejoices in her King,
Though tyrants furious are ;
The Lord in vengeance to them speaks,
'nd makes them quake with fear.

- 8 The Lord of Hosts defends his saints,
Of old he for them fought ;
Come see the work his hand has done,
The desolation wrought.
- 9 Unto the ends of all the earth
He makes the war to cease,
He bids the nations sheathe their swords,
And crowns the world with peace.
- 10 The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
The chariot burns in fire ;
Let every land with rev'rence bow,
And fear his dreadful ire.
- 11 Be still, and know that I am God,
I rule the worlds on high ;
On earth I will exalted be,
But Zion is my joy.
- 12 O Lord of Hosts, our sovereign God,
Thy presence bears us up ;
The God of Jacob 's our defence,
And our eternal hope.

PSALM 47. L. M.

- 1 O FOR a shouting song of praise
To our almighty sovereign God,
Let the whole earth new anthems raise,
And celebrate his praise aloud.
- 2 Jesus our King on high ascends
With shouts and trumpets sounding
high ;
His morning stars of light attends
Him rising through the shining sky.

- 3 While angels sing and shout for joy,
O may we learn their heavenly strains,
And sound his glorious honours high,
O'er every land our Saviour reigns.
- 4 Let us with awe adore the Lord,
Let heavenly wisdom be our guide,
And fear to speak a single word
'Thro' heedless or thro' haughty pride.
- 5 God is our sovereign King, and reigns
High on his throne of holiness ;
While o'er the world his goodness shines,
And Israel tastes his heavenly grace.
- 6 Through faith the heathen kingdoms yield
With fear and reverence to the Lord ;
While king and princes, sword and shield
Own and confess his sacred word.

PSALM 47.. S. M.

- 1 O for a shout of praise
To our Almighty God,
Let every land new anthems raise,
And spread his name abroad.
- 2 Jesus our King ascends,
With trumpets sounding high,
His morning stars of light attend
Him rising through the sky.
- 3 While angels shout for joy,
And sing angelic lays,
O may we raise our voices high,
And sound aloud his praise.

- 4 Let us adore the Lord,
 May wisdom be our guide,
Nor dare to speak a sinful word
 Through vain and haughty pride.
- 5 For God is King alone,
 He reigns o'er earth and seas,
He calls the nations all his own,
 Makes Israel taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations yield
 With reverence to the Lord,
While kings and princes, sword and shield
 Own and confess his word.

PSALM 48. C. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, and let his praise
 O'er earth be spread abroad,
He makes the temples of his grace
 The place of his abode.
- 2 Zion the glory of the earth,
 Appears most beautiful,
The place where first we drew our breath,
 And where he loves to dwell.
- 3 Within his house he's known to be
 To saints a hiding place ;
His great salvation, O how free,
 How wonderful his grace.
- 4 For lo ! the kings that did unite
 Against them were dismayed,
And being troubled at the sight,
 With fear and trembling fled.

- 5 When well trained fleets and armies rise,
And 'tempt to spill our blood,
He sends his thunders from the skies,
And sinks them in the flood.
- 6 Of old we of his wonders heard,
Our eyes do them behold,
How faithfully his grace will guard
The people of his fold.
- 7 When in affliction and distress,
We'll go up to his house,
To thank and praise his sovereign grace,
And pay our solemn vows.

PART II.

- 8 O Lord, according to thy name,
Thy praise through earth is known,
The saints thy wonders do proclaim,
The wonders thou hast done.
- 9 Thy people with exceeding joy,
On Zion hill shall stand,
Shall sound thy glorious honours high,
The wonders of thy hand.
- 10 Walk about Zion and go round
Our holy, happy place,
Examine well the sacred ground,
And mark her palaces.
- 11 The pleasing order of thy court,
The solemn service there,
The saints with joy do there resort,
To worship in thy fear.

- 12 How proper, how becoming wise,
How glorious and how fair,
Not finest gold that charms the eyes,
Can with such joys compare.
- 13 The sovereign Lord whom we adore,
Will guide us constantly,
Will all our comforts here secure,
And be our joy on high.

PSALM 49. L. M.

- 1 SEE how the wealthy sinner toils,
And heaps his silver as the dust,
Looks with contempt upon the poor,
And tramples on the pious just.
- 2 He says his might has got this wealth,
Which elevates him more than they,
And loudly boasts that he is born
Of nobler rank and better clay.
- 3 But all the riches which he owns,
Can't gain for him a short reprieve,
Nor buy from death one hour of time,
Nor make a guilty brother live.
- 4 Eternal life cannot be bought,
The soul's redemption is too high;
No, justice never can be sold,
That mortal man should never die.
- 5 He sees with grief that wise men die,
The fool, the brutish and sincere,
Quit their possessions and their wealth,
And flee away and disappear.

6 His inward thought is that his house
Forever shall remain the same,
With haughty pride he calls his lands
In mem'ry of his odious name.

7 But all his pomp and hopes are lost,
His title and his grandeur dies,
His mem'ry in the grave shall rot,
Where his own filthy carcass lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the way the wicked walk,
And yet their sons the same pursue,
They justify their fathers' deeds,
And act the work of violence too.

9 Men wanting wisdom, grace and truth,
Though magnified and honoured high,
Live like the beasts that perish quite,
And like the thoughtless beasts they die.

10 Like sheep they in the grave are laid,
There death and darkness o'er them
reign,
Till the last thunders cleave their tombs,
And wake them up in endless pain.

PART II.

11 Ye scornful haughty sons of pride,
That dare reproach the just with lies,
When death has laid on you his hand,
Your vanity no more shall rise.

12 The judgment day will change the scene,
When will that glorious hour arrive,

When scoffers shall forever fly,
And righteous men again revive.

- 13 The Lord my spirit will receive,
And will my happiness secure,
Will cleave the dark and silent tomb,
And raise my slumb'ring dust in power.
- 14 Heaven is my glorious place of rest,
Bestowed to me by grace divine,
Then let the wicked rage and fret,
I shall rejoice and not repine.

PSALM 50. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, the judge, behold he comes,
And o'er the world his summons spread,
His awful thunder cleaves the tombs,
And wakes the nations of the dead.
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his name,
Nor dare reproach his long delay,
No more shall hypocrites blaspheme,
Behold the last, the dreadful day.
- 3 Our sovereign God shall surely come,
Lo ! he descends, his hosts are nigh,
Fire and tempest, thunder and storm,
Attend him downward from the sky.
- 4 Heaven from above shall hear his call,
On swiftest wing his guards shall come,
And all who on the earth that dwell,
Shall hear and know their final doom.
- 5 But gather first my saints, he says,
Bring them from North, South, East
and West;

- Those who have sealed with me their
peace,
My love for them stands ever fast.
- 6 He bids his angels spread their thrones,
And place them near their sovereign
Lord ;
The world beholds their faith, and owns
The sentence of my just reward.

PART II.

- 7 The earth is mine, and flocks and herds,
And beasts, and men, and flow'ry fields,
I claim a right to all the birds
And cattle on a thousand hills.
- 8 No offerings burnt nor sacrifice
Of sheep or oxen I desire ;
To fear my name, adore and praise,
Is all the worship I require.
- 9 Call on my name when in distress,
I safely will deliver thee ;
When shall thy grateful tongue express
Exalted honours due to me.
- 10 The man that offers praise aright,
Shall be extoll'd and honoured high,
And those who in my ways delight,
My full salvation shall enjoy.

PART III.

- 1 The Lord, the sovereign judge shall come,
And with his saints he shall appear,
Then hypocrites shall know their doom,
And sink forever in despair.

- 12 Not for the want of sacrifice,
Of goats or bullocks I reprove,
Off'rings and forms no more can please,
Without the holy flame of love.
- 13 Tremble, thou painted hypocrite,
Vain are the works thy zeal pretends,
Thou saidst my laws were just and right,
When thieves and liars were thy friends.
- 14 Yet thou didst sin without control,
And vainly thought to 'scape my sight,
But now thy sins affright thy soul,
Now thy base crimes are brought to light.
- 15 Consider this ye fools, be wise,
Before this dreadful day appear;
If once his wrath begin to rise,
You'll find no hope, no pardon there.

PSALM 50. C. M.

- 1 THE mighty God, behold he comes,
In judgment robes arrayed,
His awful voice divides the tombs,
And wakes the sleeping dead.
- 2 No more shall atheists blaspheme,
Nor mock his long delay,
Nor in derision scorn his name,
Behold the judgment day.
- 3 Our sovereign God shall surely come,
His heavenly hosts are nigh,
Fire and tempest, thunder and storm,
Attend him down the sky.

- 4 The heavens above shall hear his call,
His guards shall then appear,
And earth and the dark world of hell,
Their final doom shall hear.
- 5 But gather first my saints, he says,
Bring them from every land,
They who have sealed with me their
peace,
My love for them shall stand.
- 6 Their faith and works before the Lord,
Are now brought forth to light,
And earth and heaven with one accord
Shall own my sentence right.

PART II.

- 7 The earth is mine and all it yields,
With birds of every name,
O'er cattle on a thousand hills,
I have the only claim.
- 8 No off'rings burnt in sacrifice
Of bullocks I require,
To fear my name, adore and praise,
Is all that I desire.
- 9 When in distress call on my name,
I will thy wishes crown,
Then shall thy grateful tongue proclaim
Due thanks to me alone.
- 10 The man that offers praise aright,
Exalted high shall be,
And those who in my ways delight,
Shall my salvation see.

PART III.

- 11 When Christ in judgment robes arrayed.
With all his saints shall come,
Then hypocrites with fear and dread,
Shall hear their final doom.
- 12 Not for the want of sacrifice
Of bullocks I reprove,
Off'rings and forms no more can please,
Without the flame of love.
- 13 With thieves and liars thou didst share
In falsehood and deceit,
And with the vile adulterer
Thou didst participate.
- 14 Thy tongue didst sing without control,
And thought'st to 'scape my sight,
But now thy crimes affright thy soul,
When they are brought to light.
- 15 Consider this and be in dread,
Ye that forget the Lord,
If once your day of grace is fled,
Then none can grace afford.

PSALM 51. C. M.

- 1 O thou, my sovereign Lord divine,
Be merciful to me,
O'er all thy works thy mercies shine,
May not I hope in thee.
- 2 My God, I own my crimes are great,
But can't surpass thy grace,
I with humility entreat,
Hide not from me thy face.

- 3 Purge me, O Lord, from every sin,
And cheer me with thy love,
O make my conscience pure and clean,
And all my guilt remove.
- 4 With shame I own my crimes, O God,
They still before me are,
And should'st thou scourge me with thy
rod,
I must pronounce thee clear. .
- 5 Should sore affliction and distress,
Sink me beneath thy frown,
Heaven would approve thy righteousness,
And earth thy justice own.
- 6 Yet save a penitent, O Lord,
And keep me from despair,
My only hope is in thy word,
I plead for pardon there.

PART II.

- 7 LORD I am filthy and unclean,
Conceived in guiltiness,
I sprung from Adam, whose first sin
Corrupted all his race.
- 8 Soon as I breathe the vital air,
Sin breaks my quiet rest ;
Thy law demands perfection here,
But I'm defiled in lust.
- 9 Create my heart anew, O Lord,
And form my spirit free,
Grant me deliv'rance and afford
Thy gracious love to me.

- 10 Before thee, Lord, I humbly lay,
And trust thy grace divine,
Rivers of oil can't wash away
My leprosy of sin.
- 11 No sacrifice of bird or beast,
Nor running stream nor sea,
Nor hysop plant nor holy priest,
Can wash my guilt away.
- 12 Jesus my sovereign king divine,
Thy pity to me show,
Thy blood alone can wash me clean,
And make me white as snow.
- 13 While sin and guilt disturb my joys,
And I can find no ease,
O let me hear thy pleasant voice,
And give me rest and peace.

PART III.

- 14 My sins, O Lord, are known to thee,
They're spread before thy face,
O cast them all into the sea
Of thy forgetfulness.
- 15 Create within me a clean heart,
And form my spirit right,
Let not thy love from me depart,
Nor cast me from thy sight.
- 16 Without thy light, O God of grace,
I would no comfort find,
Restore to me thy heavenly peace,
And ease my weary mind.

- 17 Take not from me thy spirit, Lord,
Nor cast me from thy care ;
May not a wretch trust in thy word,
And plead thy merits there ?
- 18 A spirit grieved for sin's desert,
Is pleasing in thine eyes,
A broken and a contrite heart,
My God will not despise.
- 19 O Lord I fall before thy face,
And own thy sentence right,
Forgive my sins and let thy grace
Preserve me in thy sight.
- 20 When will I teach the sons of men
To trust in Jesus' blood,
Backsliders shall return again,
And praise their Saviour God.
- 21 O may thy grace indite my song,
Salvation's all my theme,
Then I'll employ my heart and tongue
To praise my Saviour's name.

PSALM 52. L. M.

- 1 WHY should the wicked dare to boast,
And with contempt thy grace despise ;
They trust alone their warlike host ;
And join in murder, theft and lies,
- 2 But God in dreadful vengeance drest,
Shall sinners from his presence rout,
And that his church may safely rest,
He from the earth shall root them out.

- 3 But saints are like to olive trees,
That flourish in immortal green,
And blooming in sweet heavenly grace,
Shall in thy sacred courts be seen.
- 4 Thy children, Lord, thy name confess,
And trust alone thy grace divine,
And those who walk in wisdom's ways,
Shall every joy and comfort find.

PSALM 52. C. M.

- 1 WHY should the tyrant boast of might,
And raise his head on high,
When murder is his chief delight,
And vengeance all his joy.
- 2 The pris'ner's groans, the widow's tears,
The helpless orphan's cries
Are joy and music in his ears,
His mouth is filled with lies.
- 3 He loves the work of sin and shame,
And arms his tongue to slay,
His power and pride he does proclaim,
And bids the world obey.
- 4 But God shall utterly destroy
And root him from the land ;
His fall the saints shall hail with joy,
Freed from the tyrant's hand.
- 5 But now the wretch lies low in dust,
That did God's power defy,
And vainly his own arm did trust
To murder and destroy.

- 6 O Lord, we praise thy sovereign grace,
And thy salvation own;
Still may thy saints in sore distress,
With faith approach thy throne.

PSALM 53. L. M.

- 1 THERE is no God, the simple fools
Do in their wicked hearts maintain;
Nor Providence that overrules
The schemes and deeds of impious men.
- 2 Their thoughts are filthy and unclean,
Foul slander dwells upon their tongue;
They are defiled with every sin,
And love to do God's children wrong.
- 3 But they shall meet his dreadful frown,
And sink at last in sore surprise,
His arm will crush the wicked down
That dare against his people rise.
- 4 The sons of hell in vain may rise
Against the saints whom he did choose;
His sovereign power will them despise,
And make them fly when none pursues.
- 5 O hasten on that joyful hour
When our calamities shall cease;
Thy children then shall rest secure,
And praise the Lord their righteousness.

PSALM 54. L. M.

- 1 SAVE us, O Lord, and let our prayer
Ascend before thy gracious throne;

- O guard the children of thy care,
Our hope depends on thee alone.
- 2 For bloody men, and hypocrites
Unite to slay thy people, Lord ;
They trample on thy sacred rites,
And with contempt despise thy word.
- 5 But still thy sovereign grace we own,
And on thy mighty arm rely ;
Thy power shall crush the wicked down,
Thy love to us is all our joy.
- 4 But grant to them thy heavenly grace
Who gave to us their friendly hand,
And may thy truth and righteousness
Spread with success through every land.

PSALM 55. C. M.

- 1 O LORD my God of sovereign might,
Hear my entreating cries ;
For earth and hell their force unite,
And up against me rise.
- 2 They cast iniquity on me,
And seek to spill my blood ;
They strive to turn my thoughts away
From my creator God.
- 3 Death's terrors make me sore afraid,
My heart is pained with wounds,
On me comes trembling, fear and dread,
My days I spend in moans.
- 4 O were I clothed in innocence,
And like a dove had wings,

I would remove and fly far hence,
From all perplexing things.

5 Lo then, I in the wilderness
Would seek a happy home,
Far from a cruel treach'rous race,
Where troubles never come.

But O how trifling and how poor
Are such vain thoughts as these ;
The mighty God can here secure
Me from mine enemies.

PAUSE.

7 I'll call on God by morning light,
And trust his grace at noon ;
Then in the seasons of the night
I will address his throne.

8 He has bestowed me joy and peace,
And set me safe and free ;
Has made the roar of battle cease,
For many were with me.

9 I'll cast my burden on the Lord,
And trust his mighty hand ;
My hope is in the blessed word,
That saints shall firmly stand.

10 My hope in God shall not be vain,
I'll trust in him always,
While bloody and deceitful men
Shall not live half their days.

PSALM 55. L. M.

- 1 LET bold blasphemers choose the road
That downward leads to endless woe ;
But in the service of my God,
I'll spend my days while here below.
- 2 I daily will address his throne,
His wondrous works I will declare,
At evening, morning, and at noon,
And he will hearken to my prayer.
- 3 Thou wilt, O Lord, regard my moans,
And grant me rays of heavenly light ;
While sinners sink beneath thy frowns
In dungeons of eternal night.
- 4 Because they live in pamper'd ease, .
And no afflicting changes have,
They neither trust thy sovereign grace,
Nor praise and thanks to thee will give
- 5 But I will rest upon his word,
To him I will commit my ways,
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And trust alone his sovereign grace.
- 6 His strong and his almighty hand
Shall all his children well sustain,
The rock on which they firmly stand,
Through endless ages shall remain.

PSALM 56. L. M.

- 1 SHOW pity unto me, O God,
And drive the wicked from thy face,
Who daily me with curses load,
And on my head they heap disgrace.

- 2 The sons of falsehood and deceit
Unite to take my life away ;
With cruel spite they do me hate,
But thou forever art my stay.
- 3 In thee my God I do repose
My hope, my confidence and trust ;
Nor will I fear my haughty foes,
The feeble children of the dust.
- 4 My words they wrest and do me hate,
And lay new plans against me still ;
They meet, they lurk, and lie in wait,
Their bloody object to fulfil.
- 5 Shall they escape thy fierce rebuke ?
Must their injustice still remain ;
'O cast on them a frowning look,
And make them know their schemes
are vain.

PAUSE.

- 6 The Lord beholds, and also hears
The moanings of his humble saints,
He counts the number of their tears,
And lends an ear to their complaints.
- 7 When I address thy gracious throne,
And make my prayer known to thee,
The wicked fly and are cast down,
For thou alone upholdest me.
- 8 In thee, my God, I do repose
My hope, my confidence, and trust ;
Nor will I fear my haughty foes,
The feeble children of the dust.

- 9 Thy vows upon me are, O God,
Accept my humble sacrifice ;
Then with delight I'll spread abroad
The kindness of thy sovereign grace.
- 10 Thou hast my soul from death set free,
O lead me in thy holy ways ;
Then I'll employ my time for thee,
And sing with joy my Saviour's praise.

PSALM 57. C. M.

- 1 MY God, my trust is in thine arm,
My safety from thee springs ;
O hide me from the threat'ning storm,
Beneath thy downy wings.
- 2 My cry up to the heavens I send,
The Lord my cries will hear ;
He from above will me defend,
And banish all my fear.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame ;
May land to land with one accord
Unite and praise thy name.
- 4 Prepare my heart to raise my song,
Thy name to glorify ;
Then life and breath, and hand and tongue
For thee I will employ.
- 5 O'er all the wonders of his hand,
His mercies he proclams ;
His truth forever firm shall stand
When earth shall melt in flames.

- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
May land to land with one accord
Unite and praise thy name.

PSALM 58. C. M.

- 1 AND will you, judges of the land,
Subvert the righteous laws;
Will golden bribes pollute your hand
To scorn the righteous cause?
- 2 Will you condemn the humble poor,
See truth and justice sold?
While rich transgressors 'scape secure,
Saved by their shining gold.
- 3 Do you not know that God is just,
And that he'll judge you too;
His arm will crush you into dust,
His wrath will you pursue.
- 4 Forever firm his justice stands,
And shall forever last;
Yet you annul his high commands,
And bind the conscience fast.
- 5 Your tongue is like a poisoned dart
Shot from an arrow strong,
And death attends the deadly smart
From your blasphemous tongue.
- 6 The widow's sighs you will not hear,
Nor listen to her moans;
So the deaf adder stops her ear
Against the charmer's sounds.

- 7 They live by rapine, theft and blood,
But all their hopes shall fall ;
Break out the teeth, O mighty God,
Of these young lions all.
- 8 The Lord beholds them with a frown,
And treads them in the dust ;
In black despair they are cast down,
Where all their hopes are lost.
- 9 His awful thunders from on high,
Their wickedness controls ;
Their courage fails, their titles die,
And anguish seize their souls.
- 10 As snow on house top melts and run,
Or snails that waste away,
Or births that never see the sun,
So shall their hopes decay.
- 11 God's vengeance on the wicked race
Affords to saints true joys,
He saves his people in distress,
And listens to their cries.
- 12 And men that hear shall surely say
There is a Providence ;
A God who richly will repay
His persecuted saints.

PSALM 59. L. M.

- 1 SAVE us, O Lord, and plead our cause
'Gainst deadly foes that round us rise ;
They trample on our sacred laws,
And with contempt thy saints despise.

- 2 See how the haughty sons of pride,
 Raise their rebellious heads on high ;
They join in league, they lurk and hide
 Thy chosen people to destroy.
- 3 Beneath the gloomy shade of night
 They roam and rage like beasts of prey ;
With savage fury they unite,
 To waste thy towns and fields by day.
- 4 And will the sovereign Lord above,
 Regardless of our weary cry,
Permit that cruel race to rove,
 And plunder with impunity.
- 5 But God, who high in glory reigns,
 Shall terror speak unto their souls,
His eye beholds their ill designs,
 His mighty arm their power controls.
- 6 Yet spare them, Lord, and slay them not,
 Lest we forget their misery,
But in thy wrath drive them abroad,
 In distant heathen lands to stray.
- 7 Then shall our thankful hearts declare
 The goodness of our sovereign God,
And every land thy name shall fear,
 And sing with joy thy praise aloud.

PSALM 60. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thou hast chastised us sore,
 See how thy people mourn and pine,
Wilt thou be merciful no more,
 Nor cause thy face on us to shine.

- 2 Thy awful judgments from on high
Alarm and shake the world below,
Thy terror makes the wicked fly,
And sinks them down in endless woe.
- 3 Beneath thy stroke see our distress,
Thy threatening rod makes us afraid,
Keep us, we pray, free from disgrace,
And heal the breach thine hand has made.
- 3 O raise thy standard in the field,
Aid those who on thy grace rely,
And make our foes submit and yield,
Or in disgrace to turn and fly.

PSALM 61. L. M.

- 1 MY God, attend unto my prayer,
And hear my supplicating cries,
For I am overwhelmed with fear,
My heart within me sinks and dies.
- 2 From thee, my God, my safety springs,
I in thy sovereign grace confide,
And under thy protecting wings,
Let me forever there abide.
- 3 Within thy holy place, O Lord,
There let me rest and be secure,
Thou art my hope and my reward,
My rock, my fortress, and my tower.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot of saints,
Who fear and trust thy holy name,
If life eternal crown their wants,
Then I inherit shall the same.

PSALM 62. C. M.

- 1 MY soul waits for the Lord my God,
And trusts in him alone,
He is my rock, my safe abode,
My refuge is his throne.
- 2 O place your hopes in him, ye saints,
And trust his sovereign power,
For he alone is your defence,
Your fortress and strong tower.
- 3 Mean are the men of lowest grade,
And great men are a lie,
Sure both when in a balance laid,
Are nought but vanity.
- 4 In wealth place not your confidence,
Why seize the flying smoke,
Nor set your hearts on time and sense,
But hear what God has spoke.
- 5 The Lord hath spoken and made known,
Again his voice I heard,
That power belongs to him alone,
And that he must be feared.
- 6 His justice shines bright on his throne,
There mercy also pleads,
And he will give to every one
According to their deeds.

PSALM 63. L. M.

- 1 MY God, my sovereign love divine,
Grant me the riches of thy grace,
O cause thy face on me to shine,
And let me early seek thy face.

- 2 As pilgrims thirst in desert lands,
And long to taste the cooling brook,
So with mine eyes and lifted hands,
Up to thy streams of grace I look.
- 3 Within thy courts, my God, my king,
I long to find a happy place,
To join with saints thy praise to sing,
And feel thy power of quickening grace.
- 4 Not sweetest food nor richest wine,
Could e'er such pleasing joys command,
As when I taste thy love divine,
And in thy glorious presence stand.
- 5 For life itself without thy care,
Would prove a tiresome, heavy load,
I'd sink with sorrow and despair,
If I were driven from my God.
- 6 I'll raise my voice and hands with joy,
And unto thee will praises give,
This work shall be my sweet employ,
My greatest pleasure while I live.

PAUSE.

- 7 Amidst the seasons of the night
I thought upon thy sovereign grace;
My soul with pleasure and delight
Still kept in view thy lovely face.
- 8 And while upon my bed I lie,
My thoughts ascend to thee above;
I said, my God, thou art my joy,
My hope, my portion and my love.

- 9 My spirit follows after thee,
And wings her way to thine abode,
Thine arm is my support and stay,
While I pursue my Saviour God.
- 10 Beneath the shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety rests secure,
My glory Lord awakes and sings
The wonders of thy saving power.
- 11 But those who would my soul destroy,
Shall rage and foam and fret in vain,
The tempter shall forever fly,
And all my inward foes be slain.
- 12 Thy sword mine enemies shall slay,
And sink them down in endless pains,
To spend a long eternity
In gloomy darkness, fire and chains.

PSALM 64. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, behold my grief and woe,
Nor let my strength decay;
My foes in secret bend their bow
To take my life away.
- 2 Let thy salvation be my shield
From treacherous enemies,
Make pride and lust within me yield,
And give me heavenly grace.
- 3 Make known thy power and justice Lord,
And drive thy foes away;
May nations learn to fear thy word,
And saints thy laws obey.

- 4 Then shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And all that love the Lord,
With joy shall raise their cheerful voice,
And praise the sacred word.

PSALM 65. C. M.

- 1 PRAISE waits for thee in Zion, Lord,
To thee vows paid shall be,
There shall thy saints with one accord
Perform their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy goodness bends the vaulted skies,
To save when sinners pray,
Thine ear is open to their cries,
And makes their heart obey.
- 3 My sins prevail against my will,
But grace is my delight,
My Saviour's blood will never fail
To wash me clean and white.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou dost choose,
And has to thee access,
That he within thy holy house
May find a resting place.

PAUSE.

- 5 When Zion prays let sinners fear,
And be in great distress;
When God to judgment shall appear,
Rob'd in his righteousness.
- 6 God gives his people their desire,
And satisfies their wants,
He also will reveal his ire,
For good unto his saints.

- 7 Then shall the different nations own
The Lord their righteousness,
From rising to the setting sun,
The Saviour's name will bless.

PART II.

- 8 The God of our salvation hears,
And sees when Zion pines;
Yet when in kindness he appears,
How terribly he shines.
- 9 On him we all depend alone,
Unto earth's utmost land,
Where God the Lord is only known
By his almighty hand.
- 10 Sailors who plough the ocean o'er,
Address the Lord with zeal;
And when the angry billows roar,
He bids the waves be still.
- 11 At his command the storms abate,
He calms tumult and noise,
When nations rave in wild debate,
And in disorder rise.
- 12 Whole nations that distracted were,
Are still at his command;
And mountains that established are,
On their foundation stand.
- 13 But see his glorious signs on high,
Behold his lightnings play,
His glittering tokens in the sky
Make heathen melt away.

- 14 The golden lamp of day fulfils
His order and designs,
He sits and guides his chariot wheels,
And o'er the world it shines.
- 15 The morn and eve are joyful made,
And each their pleasures yield ;
His golden sheaves make harvest glad,
And lilies deck the field.
- 16 The clouds above at his command
Sprinkle the earth with showers,
To cheer the dry and thirsty land,
And raise the drooping flowers.
- 17 The little hills on every side
Sing with a cheerful voice,
And vallies that are mollified,
Repeat their pleasant joys.
- 18 The fields in pasture clothed are,
There lambs and cattle graze,
The lambs and cattle each declare
And speak their Maker's praise.
- 19 Thy works, O Lord, thy wisdom own,
And o'er the world they shine,
Our days and years thy mercies crown,
Thy gifts are all divine.

PSALM 66. L. M.

- 1 O LET the spacious earth around
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
In harmony of sweetest sound,
Make known his glories and your joys.

- 2 Say unto God who rules on high,
How dreadful in thy works art thou,
Transgressors from thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they humbly bow.
- 3 Come and behold the works of God,
And tell how glorious are his ways,
His mighty power and lifted rod
Asunder cleft the mighty seas.
- 4 He turned the sea into dry land,
And made his saints a pleasant road,
Then takes his children by the hand,
And leads them safely through the flood.
- 5 He rules by his almighty power,
Will mortals dare his laws defy;
Will sinners tempt the Lord to war,
And raise their scornful heads on high?
- 6 O bless the Lord, all ye his saints,
Make known your sovereign maker's
praise,
His goodness still supplies your wants,
And safely guides your wand'ring ways.
- 7 Lord thou hast proved our grieved minds,
And made our faith (thy grace) appear,
As fire the silver well refines,
And makes the metal shine more clear.
- 8 Through fiery flames, and floods and seas,
We travel on at thy command,
Until we reach the wealthy place,
Provided by thy sovereign hand.

PART II.

- 9 Now to the Lord who rules on high,
My solemn vows I will perform ;
His tender mercy heard my cry,
And saved me from the threat'ning storm.
- 10 My heart with joy I will prepare
To spread abroad my Saviour's praise ;
Come ye that fear the Lord and hear
The wonders of his saving grace.
- 11 When I was overwhelmed in grief,
I humbly asked his heavenly care,
His sovereign grace sent me relief,
And saved my soul from black despair.
- 12 If covert sin within me lies,
While his rich mercies I proclaim,
The Lord my prayer will despise,
Nor could I dare call on his name.
- 13 But his rich gifts, I will declare,
Who crowns my days with peace and rest,
Nor turn'd from him my humble prayer,
Nor turn'd his heart from my request.

PSALM 67. L. M.

- 1 BE merciful to us, O God,
And cause thy face on us to shine,
Make known thy mighty power abroad,
And give us heavenly grace divine.
- 2 Do thou surround our happy land,
Still be our glory and our shield,
And let thy all-supporting hand
Enriching blessings to us yield.

- 3 When shall thy great and glorious name
Throughout the spacious earth be known,
When every nation shall proclaim
The glories of thy blessed Son.
- 4 O all ye lands sing to the Lord,
Sing ye his praises and rejoice,
Let every tongue with one accord,
Unite and sing with cheerful voice.
- 5 For he is God, forever blest,
He made the splendid worlds above,
While on his arm they safely rest,
And bids them taste his heavenly love.
- 6 Earth shall obey his mighty voice,
And yield to him her full increase,
The Lord will make her to rejoice,
And crown her lands with fruitfulness.
- 7 Our Saviour God his saints will bless,
And spread his choicest favours round ;
Nations shall learn to trust his grace
Unto creation's utmost bound.

PSALM 68. C. M.

- 1 LET God arise with mighty arm,
And make the wicked flee,
As smoke before the windy storm,
So let them driven be.
- 2 Behold he comes in dread array,
And justice he proclaims,
His stubborn foes shall melt away
Like wax before the flames.

3 He rides and rules the heavens above,
His fearful name sounds high,
Ye sons of light sing of his love,
And on his grace rely.

4 He gives the widow timely aid,
And helps the fatherless,
Supplies the poor with daily bread,
And saves them in distress.

5 He pleads the weary captive's cause,
And breaks their heavy chain;
But rebels that despise his laws,
Shall sink in endless pain.

PAUSE.

6 The earth belongs to him alone,
For he did it create,
Come let us make his glories known,
His name with awe repeat.

7 His awful thunder shakes the sky,
How dreadful is our God,
Yet still he makes his church his joy,
And his most choice abode.

8 Crown him, ye nations, sovereign Lord,
He is your sure defence,
When kingdoms fail he'll strength afford
To all his humble saints.

PART II.

9 Lord, when thou didst in royal state
Ascend the heavenly hill,
Thy flaming guards like chariots wait,
And thy commands fulfil.

- 10 Not Horeb's hill, with all its awe,
More glorious could appear,
When he made known his dreadful law,
And struck his tribes with fear.
- 11 Illustrious honours crown his head,
Jesus our Saviour reigns,
The sons of hell he captives made,
Like captives led in chains.
- 12 Now he ascends on high to reign,
But sends his spirit down,
With heavenly gifts for erring men
Who trust in him alone.

PART III.

- 13 We bless the Lord, he does supply
Our daily wants with good,
He sends us blessings from on high,
And gives us heavenly food.
- 14 The lamp of day, lit by his hand,
Performs his daily round,
And copious rains at his command,
Refresh the thirsty ground.
- 15 To him we owe our life and breath,
And all that we possess,
And from the grasp of endless death,
We're guarded by his grace.
- 16 To saint and sinner each he gives,
They common blessings share,
But saint his lovely smile receives,
While sinners meet despair.

- 17 The Lord shall wound the head of those
Who still in sin delight,
His stubborn and rebellious foes
Shall sink in endless night.
- 18 But God shall bring his people up
From the devouring seas,
His humble saints have placed their hope,
Their all on sovereign grace.

PSALM 69. L. M.

- 1 Save me, O God, because the floods
Like great sea billows o'er me roll,
I sink in sorrow and distress,
Distracting fear alarms my soul.
- 2 I with my cries exhausted am,
My days I spend in tears and grief,
My God behold my suffering pain,
And hasten on to my relief.
- 3 They hate me still without a cause,
And yet my haughty foes increase
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are mine enemies.
- 4 'Twas then I ransomed sinful men,
And suffered in their room and stead;
My Father's law I magnified,
Which sinful mortals disobeyed.
- 5 Thus Israel's royal prophet mourns,
In the Messiah's sacred name,
Stirs up repentance in our minds,
And pleasing joy to us proclaim.

- 6 Now shall the humble saints be glad,
I am their Saviour and their God ;
'Twas for their sakes I took their form,
And bore their shameful heavy load.
- 7 'Twas for my saints I suffered shame,
And sackcloth was my humble dress ;
I for my people did procure
Pure spotless robes of righteousness.
- 8 Unto my kinsmen and the Jews,
A scorn and proverb I became,
Vile scandal and disgrace I bore,
That sinners might trust in my name.
- 9 Affection for my Father's house,
Exposed my life to cruel shame,
For when I did my Father's will,
They slandered and despised my name.
- 10 My griefs and sorrows, and my fasts,
Were made the scornful drunkard's
song,
But God, who rules the worlds above,
Gave ear to my complaining tongue.
- 11 He took me from the miry pit,
Where fears I met on every hand,
And firmly placed my steadfast feet
On well established ground to stand.
- 12 'Twas in a most accepted time
My prayer to him I did make known,
And for my sake my Father will
Regard the sinner's dying moan.

PART II.

- 13 With rev'rence and with godly fear
Our mournful songs let us record,
The griefs and sorrows of our King,
The suff'rings of our blessed Lord.
- 14 In floods of deep distress he sinks,
How high the angry billows rise,
While to his heavenly Father's throne
He sends his supplicating cries.
- 15 O hear me from thine high abode,
Nor turn thy countenance from me,
Draw near to me now in distress,
Nor let thy Son forsaken be.
- 16 My foes with rage pursue me still,
Like beasts of prey they me surround,
While for a perfect sacrifice
I spill my blood upon the ground.
- 17 My reputation they destroy,
And in derision mock my groans,
They heap vile slander on my head,
And joy to hear my sighs and moans.
- 18 To thee is my reproach well known,
My grief, dishonour and disgrace,
My heart is broke, my spirits fail,
And blushing shame defiles my face.
- 19 I looked in vain for sympathy
From my acquaintances around,
I asked my kindred and my friends,
But I no peace nor comfort found.

- 20 They mock my thirst with vinegar,
And gave me bitter gall for meat,
Then with my life they vainly sport,
And triumph in their bloody deed.
- 21 O may thy light shine in my soul,
Thy sovereign grace is all my trust ;
Though in the tomb my body's laid,
Thou wilt redeem it from the dust.
- 22 I from the dust shall rise again,
And never, never more shall die,
Then thy salvation, O my God,
Shall be my constant theme on high.

PART III.

- 23 Thy wondrous grace, my God, I'll sing,
And magnify my Saviour's name,
He suffered for the humble poor.
And bore their load of guilt and shame.
- 24 His griefs and sorrows crowned our joys,
And by his sufferings we are healed ;
His Father's law he magnified,
And every duty he fulfilled.
- 25 His songs, his sufferings, and his cries,
Shall better please my sovereign God,
Than the most costly sacrifice
Of bullock, goat, or heifer's blood.
- 26 The poor shall see this and rejoice,
And set their hearts at rest and peace ;
They by his death are free from bonds,
And live in joy and happiness.

- 27 Let heaven and all the shining host,
To God their hallelujahs raise,
While earth and seas in concert join,
To sound aloud his glorious praise.
- 28 Thou wilt, O God, thy Zion bless,
And give to her all needful good;
Thy son has paid her dreadful debt,
And sealed her pardon with his blood.

PSALM 70. L. M.

- 1 O GOD, in haste my prayer attend,
And hear my supplicating cries,
With speed to me deliv'rance send,
And bid my sinking prospects rise.
- 2 When false deceitful foes unite
To slander and reproach my name,
Arise, O Lord, with power and might,
And clothe them in perpetual shame.
- 3 While those who love thy gracious name,
And in thy sacred word rejoice,
Shall with transporting joy proclaim
Thy saving grace with cheerful voice.
- 4 Be thou my aid when troubles rise,
Nor let my expectation fail;
O may I hear thy pard'ning voice,
And let thy grace with me prevail.

PSALM 71. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, my God of grace and truth,
Thou from the womb hast held me up ;
Thy hand has strengthen'd all my youth,
And thou alone still art my hope.
- 2 Thy power created me of earth,
Thy skill my humble frame didst build,
And from the moment of my birth
I've been thy servant and thy child.
- 3 To many I a wonder am,
And wondrous things I often see ;
Behold my days that are to come,
I dedicate them all to thee.
- 4 Cast me not off now, when mine eyes
And voice, and strength, and limbs
decline ;
But when thy humble servant dies,
Then let thy glory round me shine.
- 5 Then in the events of my days,
When men my labour will define,
In every leaf they'll read thy praise,
And see thy love in every line.

PART II. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
Thy goodness I'll declare ;
The growing numbers of thy grace
How numberless they are.

- 2 'Thou art my joy and my reward,
Thy mercies crown my days,
And since I knew thy kindness, Lord,
My tongue hath spoke thy praise.
- 3 Now I will constantly go on
In wisdom's happy ways ;
I in thy strength will walk alone,
And trust thy sovereign grace.
- 4 When griefs and sorrows break my peace
For ill that I have done,
I'll plead the merits of thy grace,
The victory thou hast won.
- 5 My tongue with gladness shall proclaim
The conquests of my King ;
My soul redeemed from sin and shame
Shall of thy mercies sing.
- 6 Throughout the day I will make known
My Saviour's righteousness ;
His death my foes has overthrown,
He saved me by his grace.
- 7 Awake, my heart, with holy joy,
To sing my Saviour's praise,
And may this work be the employ
Of my remaining days.

PART III. L. M.

- 1 GOD of my mercies, and my guard
Of childhood, youth, and later days,
And hitherto I have declared
The wonders of thy saving grace.

- 2 O leave me not when I am old,
When health, and strength, and sight
decay ;
Who would my feeble frame uphold,
If thy supporting hand 's away.
- 3 Let me thy righteousness declare
Before the people of this race,
And leave a mem'ry of thy care
When all my earthly scenes shall cease.
- 4 The land of dark forgetfulness
Awaits my last, and next remove ;
O give thy servant strength and grace
To teach the world thy truth and love.
- 5 Thy pure and perfect righteousness,
O Lord, exalted is on high,
Thy wondrous ways not one can trace,
Thy glory shines beyond the sky.
- 6 Oft have I suffered grief and woe,
And oft endured distressing pain,
But when I was brought very low,
Thy sovereign grace did me sustain.
- 7 By griefs and trials have I known
Thy mighty power employed to save ;
Then when my days on earth are run,
I'll venture down into the grave.
- 8 Though in the earth my body lies,
And mingles with its native clay,
At thy command my flesh shall rise,
And live with thee in endless day.

PSALM 72. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY sovereign Lord alone
Whom all the world adore,
Now let thy Son ascend his throne,
And kingdoms own his power.
- 2 Thy royal sceptre is his due,
High o'er the heavens he reigns ;
His wrath the wicked will pursue,
And bind them fast in chains.
- 3 But upright men he will defend,
And tread the unjust down ;
His worship always shall remain
When days and years are gone.
- 4 As on mown grass descending rains
Their influence distil ;
So his free grace his saints sustains,
Like dew on thirsty hill.
- 5 The heathen in the wilderness
Whose minds are spread with gloom,
Shall hear the tidings of his grace,
And desert lands shall bloom.
- 6 The just shall flourish more and more,
And still in wisdom grow ;
Peace shall extend from shore to shore,
And like a river flow.

PART II.

- 7 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Jesus shall reign with power,

- And nations own his sovereign sway,
Till moons shall be no more.
- 8 Behold the mighty kings on earth
Their tribute to him bring,
And princes of illustrious birth
Shall own him sovereign King.
- 9 Yea every king and potentate
Shall bow before the Lord,
Shall cast their honours at his feet,
And humbly trust his word.
- 10 Ever for him shall praise be made,
And ever speak his praise;
His name like sweet perfume shall spread
With every sacrifice.
- 11 Ye tribes of every land rejoice
And speak his glorious fame,
While infant babes with cheerful voice
Delight to lisp his name.
- 12 Where'er he reigns there blessings rest,
The captives are set free;
The weary souls in him are blest,
And set at liberty.
- 13 Where his healing power is displayed,
The curse there is not known;
In him we all are stronger made,
He being our strength alone.
- 14 Let all the num'rous happy saints
Bow humbly at his feet,
And heaven and earth in highest strains,
Their loud amen repeat.

PSALM 73. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord will heavenly blessings pour
On humble men that are sincere;
Yet once my mind was troubled sore,
And sunk with sorrow, grief and fear.
- 2 I mourn'd to see the wicked grow,
And flourish in prosperity;
While worldly honours on them flow,
And yet how peaceably they die.
- 3 With pamper'd ease they do rejoice,
In robes of dignity they shine,
Against the heavens they raise their voice,
While humble saints in silence pine.
- 4 In vain I've cleansed my hands from guilt,
And purified my heart in vain;
I all the day thy plagues have felt,
And all the night thy chast'ning pain.
- 5 But while I murmur'd and complained,
My heart did quickly me condemn;
Surely thy saints I will offend,
And grieve the people I esteem.
- 6 But here my mind was left in doubt,
I found the conflict was too hard,
Until I went unto thy court,
And learned the secrets of thy word.
- 7 Here I beheld their awful state,
With fear and dread they smitten were;
While on a slipp'ry place they sat,
Beside a gulph of dark despair.

- 8 I heard their vaunting blasphemies,
Until they fell beneath thine ire ;
Then in despair they raise their cries
In dungeons of eternal fire.
- 9 Lord, what a thoughtless fool I was,
How like a beast I did behave,
To doubt thy love and promises,
And think the wicked never grieve.
- 10 My God, I fall before thy face,
And never more I will repine ;
I'll trust alone thy sovereign grace,
And will my all to thee resign.

PART II.

- 11 My God, my everlasting friend,
My ready help when troubles rise ;
Thine arm alone didst me defend,
And saved me from mine enemies.
- 12 Thy counsels still shall guide my ways,
While here on earth I do remain,
And afterwards thy sovereign grace
At thy right hand shall me sustain.
- 13 Whom have I in the heavens on high,
But thee alone, my sovereign Lord,
And on the earth thou art my joy,
My life, my hope, and my reward.
- 14 What if my vital powers decay,
And flesh and heart return to dust ;
God is my all supporting stay,
My guard, my everlasting trust.

- 15 Behold the wicked that depart
Far from thy ways shall perish all ;
Not all the idols of their heart
Can free and save them when they fall.
- 16 But surely it is good for me
That I draw near to thee, my God ;
Thy wondrous works I'll every day
With joy and gladness spread abroad.

PSALM 73. C. M.

- 1 YET God is good to Israel,
To each pure-hearted one ;
Yet once my mind began to fail,
My hopes were almost gone.
- 2 I mourned to see the proud and vain
Live in prosperity ;
How peaceably they do remain,
Their death from hands are free.
- 3 In wanton ease they do rejoice,
In dignity they shine
Against the heavens they raise their voice,
While saints in silence pine.
- 4 I lift mine hands in vain to pray,
In vain I've cleansed my heart,
For I have felt thy plagues all day,
The night renews my smart.
- 5 Yet while I foolishly complained,
My heart reproved my ways ;
Surely thy saints I will offend,
And grieve the pious race.

6 When I consider'd this it was
Too hard a thing for me,
Until I went into thy house,
There I their end did see.
On what a fearful slipp'ry place
I saw the wretches sit ;
High mounted on a precipice,
Close by a fiery pit.
And in a moment of surprise,
They fell beneath thine ire,
Then in despair they lift their cries,
In flames of endless fire.

9 My heart was grieved within me, Lord,
How like a careless beast,
Thus to suspect thy gracious word,
And think vile wretches blest.

10 Nevertheless, O Lord, I am
Continually with thee,
Thy strong and thy almighty hand
Is my support and stay.

PART II.

11 My God, my portion and my friend,
'Thy goodness on me flows,
Thy mighty arm didst me defend,
And saved me from my foes.

12 Thy counsel still shall guide my ways
• While here I do remain,
And afterward thy sovereign grace
Above shall me sustain.

- 13 Whom have I in the heavens on high
But thee, O Lord, alone,
And in the earth thou art my joy,
My hope, my only one.
- 14 What if my flesh and heart should faint,
Or turn again to dust,
God is the strength of every saint,
And my eternal trust.
- 15 For so the wicked that remove
From thee shall perish all,
Not all the idols which they love
Can raise them when they fall.
- 16 But it shall be my sweet employ,
To do thy will, my God ;
My tongue with gladness and with joy
Shall spread thy works abroad.

PSALM 73. S. M.

- 1 THE Lord is good and kind
To men that are sincere,
Yet once I found my weary mind
Was bordering on despair.
- 2 I mourned to see the vain
Live in prosperity
While saints in silent grief remain
And wear the time away.
- 3 In wanton ease they live,
Enjoying peace and health,
In worldly goods they grow and thrive,
And boast of all their wealth.

- 4 Free from the toils and grief
That humble saints endure,
The tyrants reign through all their life,
And trample on the poor.
- 5 They raise their impious voice,
And 'gainst the heavens exclaim,
They love to spread malicious lies
To blast the good man's name.
- 6 But while I mourn'd in tears,
My heart my way condemns;
Surely thy saints I will displease,
And grieve my pious friends.
- 7 Yet still I doubtful was,
The conflict seemed severe,
Until I went into thy house
And saw thy justice there.
- 8 Now there thy sovereign grace
My errors did amend,
I viewed before the sinner's ways,
But there their doom I learned.
- 9 There I beheld their fate,
Which none but rebels know,
And oh, the fiery flames that wait
Their dreadful fall below.
- 10 Before thee, Lord, I fall,
And trust thy grace divine,
To thee I will resign my all,
And never more repine.

PSALM 73. C. M.

- 1 O WHAT a fool I was to mourn,
And grieve and find no rest,
To see the wicked rise in power,
And high in honour placed.
- 2 But in thy sanctuary, Lord,
I saw them standing there,
High on a slipp'ry precipice,
And writhing in despair.
- 3 With haughty pride aloud they boast,
And make a gaudy show,
There they may stand until they sink
In fiery floods below.
- 4 Their fleeting joys shall perish soon,
And all their grandeur cease,
Their songs of mirth and revelry
Shall but their pain increase.
- 5 I estimate their mirth too dear
To traffic with my blood;
I'll make my God my only care,
My home, my sure abode.

PSALM 74. L. M.

- 1 WILL God forever cast us off,
And cause his anger still to smoke
Against the children of his love,
His chosen and his purchased flock?

- 2 Think on the saints to thee allied,
For whom their Saviour did atone,
Nor let the temple be destroyed,
Where once thy God-like glory shone.
- 3 Lift up thy feet and quickly come,
Our troubles call aloud for aid;
See how the wicked rage and foam,
And have thy church in ruins laid.
- 4 Where once thy people met for praise,
There they engage in wild array,
They in thy church their ensigns raise,
And shout and roar like beasts of prey.
- 5 How is the carved work laid waste,
They to the ground thy building raze,
And he that cuts and ruins most,
Receives most honour and most praise.
- 6 They threat to fire thy sanctuary,
And make thy land a dreary waste,
Come let us burn them all, they say,
The temple, children, and the priest.
- 7 And yet our troubles still increase,
Thy wonted signs we do not see,
Thy usual signs of power and grace,
Have from thy servants pass'd away.
- 8 We have no prophet to speak peace,
But we are filled with silent grief,
Nor know the time when heavenly grace,
Will graciously grant us relief.

PAUSE.

- 9 How long shall the deceitful race
With blasphemies reproach thy name,
How long shall saints be in distress,
And suffer sorrow, fear and shame.
- 10 Wilt thou, O Lord, forever hear,
The profanation of thy name,
And still thine angry wrath forbear,
And still thy jealousy restrain.
- 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou
wrought,
In ages that have long since gone,
And now we serve no other God,
And now no other God we own.
- 12 Thou didst asunder cleave the sea,
By thine almighty strength and power,
And for thy people madest a way,
And safely didst their flight secure.
- 13 Is not the day, O Lord, thine own,
And also thine the sable night,
And didst thou not prepare alone
The blazing sun and shining light?
- 14 By thee the borders of the earth
Were settled by thy sure decree,
The summer and the winter both,
Created were alone by thee.
- 15 And shall the sons of hell blaspheme
That mighty power that rules on high,
Will not thy hand avenge thy name,
And all thy haughty foes destroy?

- 16 The cov'nant is our only plea,
Think on the promise of thy love,
Nor let the vulture make a prey,
Nor irritate thy turtle dove.
- 17 O Keep us safely from our foes,
They daily heap on us disgrace;
Arise, O Lord, and plead thy cause,
And give thy humble servants peace.

PSALM 75. C. M.

- 1 To thee our sovereign Lord on high,
Our choicest songs we raise,
Thy works make known thy name with
joy,
And claim our noblest praise.
- 2 The humble saints to slavery bound,
Beheld their foes arise,
And sore oppress no peace they found,
To heaven they lift their eyes.
- 3 'Twas then with mighty power, great God,
Arose thy wrath and grace,
To drive the rebels far abroad,
And save thy chosen race.
- 4 Thy hand that made the raging deep,
And raised the mountains high,
Bids roaring seas and billows sleep,
And desert lands be dry.
- 5 By chance such wonders never come,
Nor can such gifts bestow,
'Tis God, the judge, that raises one,
And lays another low.

- 6 Let tyrants shrink with sore dismay,
Nor deal with haughty hand,
But cast their wicked thoughts away,
And own God's happy land.

PSALM 76. L. M.

- 1 IN Judah's land God was well known,
His name in Israel sounded high,
In Salem city stood his throne,
And Zion was his only joy.
- 2 Among the children of his care,
He chose a place where he might dwell,
And hear his people's humble prayer,
Against the haughty sons of hell.
- 3 His word from Zion forth did go,
He broke the murdering spear and shield,
The sword, the arrow and the bow,
And crushed th' Assyrian in the field.
- 4 What are earth's kingdoms here below,
But hills of violence and prey?
The hill from whence our blessings flow
Is more illustrious far than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King, whose mighty hand
And sovereign power stopped the breath
Of captains and their warlike band,
And made them sleep the sleep of death.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
The horse and chariot both fell dead,
The dreadful terror of thy rod,
Through different nations quickly spread.

- 7 What power can in thy presence stand
 Whene'er thy vengeance is made known,
When heaven shines bright at thy command,
 And earth adores thy name alone.
- 8 When God in his mysterious ways
 Relieves the captives from their chains,
The wrath of man will work his praise,
 And the remainder he restrains.
- 9 Vow to the Lord your God and pay,
 Ye haughty kings with rev'rence bow,
His wrath will strike you with dismay,
 And lay your proudest armies low.
- 10 His terrible and with'ring frown
 Is on the sons of violence ;
But Jacob's God delights to own,
 And loves to dwell among his saints.

PSALM 77. L. M.

- 1 UNTO the Lord I'll raise my cries,
 And supplicate his heavenly aid,
Now in the day of my distress,
 When trouble makes me sore afraid.
- 2 My weary days I spend in moans,
 And I can find no rest nor peace,
I to remembrance God did call,
 Yet still my sorrows did increase.
- 3 Opprest with grief I still complained,
 My sinking heart began to break,
Thy terror, Lord, forbid my rest,
 And kept my weeping eyes awake.

- 4 My soul was overwhelmed in grief,
That I no utterance could find,
Then secretly within myself,
I call'd thy judgments into mind.
- 5 I thought upon the days of old,
When I enjoyed thy gracious love ;
I search'd my heart for secret sins,
That might thy tender love remove.
- 6 Oft have I thought upon thy care,
And oft thy mercies call'd to mind ;
And will the Lord no more appear,
Will God no more to me be kind ?
- 7 Forever will the Lord cast off,
And will his mercies ever fail ;
His tender love has he forgot,
And will his anger still prevail ?
- 8 But I'll dismiss these doubts and fears,
And every dark despairing thought,
Rememb'ring what thy love has done,
And what thy grace for me hath wrought.
- 9 Thy wondrous ways I call to mind,
They bear my sinking spirits up,
The wonders of thy saving grace,
When feeble flesh no more could hope.
- 10 Thy justice dwells high on thy throne,
And there thy tender mercies shine,
And humble souls that love the Lord
Will place their trust in grace divine.

PAUSE.

- 11 How dreadful is thy chastening hand,
Thy people, Lord, may truly say ;
The mighty God, how wonderful,
How holy, just and true his way.
- 12 I'll call to mind his marvellous works,
Who rules the glorious worlds on high,
I'll talk his ancient wonders o'er,
And on his grace alone rely.
- 13 The house of Joseph he beheld
Oppress'd with the Egyptian yoke,
And yet how long his grace delayed
To free his little chosen flock.
- 14 The sons of Jacob seemed forgot,
And given to their haughty foes,
But God's almighty hand in time
Redeemed the people whom he chose.
- 15 At length he sets his children free,
Takes off their load and breaks their
chain ;
He bids them travel through the sea,
And makes the flood a pleasant plain.
- 16 The waters, Lord, perceived thee,
The waters saw the mighty God,
And they for fear aside did flee
To make thy saints a pleasant road.
- 17 Thy way, O God, is in the sea,
And quite unknown thy footsteps are ;
Alarms and fears attend thy way
That brings thy tender mercies near.

- 18 Thy voice like thunder in the sound,
 Around the heavens a noise did make,
And throughout earth thy lightnings
 shone,
 The trembling world with fear did shake.
- 19 Around the skies thine arrows fly,
 How glorious is thy dreadful name;
The trembling world seized with surprise,
 And all the saints thy praise proclaim.
- 20 Thy chosen people thou didst lead
 By Moses and by Aaron's hand,
Through desert wastes, through floods
 and seas,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land.

PSALM 78. L. M.

- 1 ATTEND my people to the deeds
 Which God in days of old hath wrought,
The same which we have heard and
 known,
 And which our fathers have us taught.
- 2 His mighty works we'll spread abroad,
 His power and grace we will declare,
And hand his wonders fully down
 To the succeeding age with care.
- 3 We to our sons shall them transmit,
 And their posterity to theirs,
That distant ages yet to come,
 May learn them to their latest heirs.

- 4 So shall they know that in the Lord
Is all their hope, their strength and stay,
And not forget his power and grace,
But keep his statutes carefully.

PART II.

- 5 O what a stubborn haughty race,
Was Israel's rebellious house,
False and deceitful to their God,
And to their own most solemn vows.
- 6 The covenant of his love they broke,
And set his holy laws at naught,
Forgot the works his hand had done,
The miracles for them he wrought.
- 7 The plagues on Zoan's field they saw,
Sent forth from his almighty hand,
Spreading the tokens of his wrath,
O'er Egypt's proud and haughty land.
- 8 They saw him cleave the sea in two,
Then through its midst he makes them
pass,
And makes the watery walls to stand,
Like as a solid heap it was.
- 9 A marvellous pillar marked their way,
A pillar formed of shade and light,
Which screened them from the heat by day,
And proved a fiery guide by night.
- 10 He split the hard and flinty rock,
And their impatient thirst supplied,
Thence gushing streams of water ran,
And flowed like rivers by their side.

- 11 Yet they provoked the highest One,
And still mistrust his sovereign grace :
Can he supply our wants with bread,
Amidst this barren desert place ?
- 12 The Lord did hear and was displeased,
And caused his wrath 'gainst them to
flame ;
His awful judgment he pours down
On rebels that despise his name.

PART III.

- 13 When Israel sinned against the Lord,
And did their Maker's laws despise,
Yet he forgave their heinous sins,
And sent them blessings from the skies.
- 14 He opened wide the doors of heaven,
And made his gifts and graces known,
He bids the midnight clouds above
To pour their rich provision down.
- 15 He rained down manna from the skies,
And gave them bread from heaven to eat ;
Sweet heavenly bread so nourishing,
So pure as though 'twere angel's meat.
- 16 But while they ate, they thus complain'd,
Is manna only our repast ?
This airy food so light we hate,
We must have meat to please our taste.
- 17 You shall with meat be satisfied,
The Lord in indignation said ;
And sent them quails thick as the dust,
And round their camp the flesh was laid

- 18 He granted them their full request,
And while their mouths were fill'd with
meat,
His vengeance slew those wicked men,
Whose craving lusts had grown so
great.
- 19 The rest return'd, when some were slain,
And early sought his sovereign grace ;
Beneath his chast'ning hand they feared,
But soon forgot their sore distress.
- 20 Oft he forgave their many sins,
And oft they bore his scourging hand,
Until he brought them safely through,
And gave them Canaan's happy land.

PSALM 79. C. M.

- 1 FROM cruel foes thy people shield,
Thy heritage they wast,
Thy tabernacle is defiled,
Her walls are laid in dust.
- 2 Saints' blood like water they have shed,
Regardless of thy power ;
While birds have on their bodies fed
And beasts their flesh devour.
- 3 The proud insulting enemy
Reproach thy chosen race ;
Where is the God, they boasting say,
Can save you in distress.

- 4 O work deliv'rance, and relieve
The pris'ner's mourning cry,
And let thy sovereign grace reprieve
Thy children doomed to die.
- 5 O let the vile deceitful race
Sink down in endless pain ;
Then heathen who despise thy grace
Shall know thy power and reign.
- 6 Thy people then no more shall mourn,
But songs to thee will raise,
And generations yet unborn,
Shall trust thy sovereign grace.

PSALM 80. C. M.

- 1 GREAT shepherd of thy sheep, that
dwelt
Between the cherubims ;
That safely led thy chosen flock
Through seas and fiery flames.
- 2 The saints are in the desert yet,
Shine on us with thy face ;
Turn us again, O Lord, our God,
And give us heavenly grace.
- 3 Jesus, our King, who rules on high,
Shall we forever mourn ?
We long to see thy lovely smiles
And wait thy kind return.
- 4 Instead of bread and cheerful wine,
Thy saints are fed on tears ;

Turn us again, O God of hosts,
And banish all our fears.

PAUSE.

- 5 A vine from Egypt thou didst plant
In Canaan's happy land,
And heavenly grace on it descends
From thy enriching hand.
- 6 See how the thrifty branches grew,
And spread from sea to sea ;
But now behold that mourning vine,
That choice and lovely tree.
- 7 Why is her comeliness so marr'd,
Her beauties no more shine ;
Strangers and enemies unite
With beasts against thy vine.
- 8 In mercy's name we do beseech,
Thy love to us restore ;
Turn us again, O Lord, our God,
Then we shall weep no more.

PAUSE.

- 9 This heavenly vine in Canaan grew
In spite of all its foes ;
God gave it strength and beauty too,
Until the branch arose.
- 10 This branch, ordained of old by thee,
From David's ancient line ;
He was the noble vine, and we
The branches of that vine.

- 11 'Tis thy own Son, thine only Son,
Array'd in light and blest ;
And he shall stand at thy right hand
With power above the rest.
- 12 O for his sake forgive our sins,
Shine on us with thy face ;
Turn us again, O God of hosts,
And all thy people bless.

PSALM 81. C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord with cheerful voice,
And spread abroad his fame ;
From God alone are all our joys,
Let Israel praise his name.
- 2 Keep ye from idols false and vain,
Is the divine command ;
I am the Lord who broke the chain
Of slavery from your hand.
- 3 Your hopes and your desires I'll bless
Your wants shall be supplied,
But if you will refuse my grace,
And basely turn aside ;
- 4 Then to the lust of their own hearts
I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
To wander in their crooked paths,
'Tis their own chosen road.
- 5 O that my saints my ways had chose,
And listened to my voice,
I would have soon subdued their foes,
And made their hearts rejoice.

- 6 While I their enemies destroy,
I'll feed my chosen flock,
And they shall taste the streams of joy
That flows from Christ, their rock.

PSALM 82. C. M.

- 1 WITHIN the congregation great,
God's counsels ever stand,
The sovereign Lord on high will judge
The judges of the land.
- 2 Why will ye make pernicious laws,
And why insult the poor ;
When will ye join the righteous cause.
And vex the saints no more ?
- 3 Lord, they desire not to know,
In darkness they remain ;
Their earthly gods are a vain show,
For they shall die like men.
- 4 Our Saviour, God, arise in might,
And judge the earth again,
Take thou possession of thy right,
And o'er the nations reign.

PSALM 83. C. M.

- 1 AND will the sovereign Lord on high
In silence still remain ;
Will God forever hear our cry,
And yet his wrath restrain ?

- 2 See what destructive deadly snares
Vile persecutors spread,
The men that haters are of thee,
Have raised their haughty head.
- 3 Against thy chosen people, Lord,
Their cunning plots they lay,
While raging malice in them burns,
They seek thy saints to slay.
- 4 Come let us root them from the land,
And lay their country waste,
Till Israel no more be found,
And their remembrance lost.
- 5 Almighty sovereign, Lord arise,
And in thy dreadful ire,
Give them like stubble to the wind,
As forests to the fire.
- 6 Convince them of their sinful ways,
And make them seek thy face,
Or else destroy their stubborn rage,
And slay them in disgrace.
- 7 Then shall the different kingdoms know
Thy glorious majesty ;
Jehovah is thy name alone,
The Lord that rules on high.

PSALM 84. C. M.

- 1 O LORD of hosts, how lovely are
The temples of thy grace ;
I love to meet thy people there
Within thy holy place.

- 2 My heart and flesh cries out for thee,
The ever living God;
Jesus my King, why should I be
So far from thine abode?
- 3 Behold, the sparrow finds a place,
And builds herself a nest:
O may I choose the sparrow's ways,
And on thine altar rest.
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit around
Thy glorious throne on high,
There perfect peace is only found,
And never ending joy.
- 5 Blest are the saints who find their way
To where their God resorts,
With cheerful zeal they meet and pay
Thee service in thy courts.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are right,
And steadfast in the Lord,
God is their strength and their delight,
Their joy and great reward.
- 7 They go from strength to strength, and
move
Still onward in thy ways,
Until they meet in heaven above,
To join in nobler praise.
- 8 One day within thy courts to praise
Thy high exalted name,
Is better than a thousand days
Employed in sin and shame.

- 9 Lord, at thy door I'd rather stand,
And hear thy pleasant voice,
Than have the world at my command,
With all its sweetest joys.
- 10 For God the Lord he is our sun,
Our King who rules on high,
He shields us from the wicked one,
And makes our en'mies fly.
- 11 The Lord will crown our days with peace,
And give us glory too,
Substantial joys and heavenly grace,
He will to us bestow.
- 12 O Lord, our God, thy mighty word,
The shining hosts confess;
The saints on earth adore thee, Lord,
And trust thy sovereign grace.

PSALM 84. P. M.

- 1 O LORD of hosts, how fair,
How lovely is thy house,
Where humble saints repair,
And pay to thee their vows.
With thee, my God,
I long to rest
Among the blest
In thine abode.
- 2 The sparrow finds a place,
And builds herself a nest,
The swallow also has
A place where she may rest;

With equal love
My spirit longs
To join the songs
With saints above.

3 Blest are the men that pray
In God's appointed house,
There saints with rev'rence pay
Their songs and solemn vows.
On Zion hill
With one accord
They praise the Lord
With fervent zeal.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Increasing in thy ways,
Until they meet at length,
In heaven to sing thy praise.
O happy place
Where Christ makes known
To saints alone
His truth and grace.

5 To spend one day of praise
Within his holy gate,
Exceeds a thousand days
Of folly and deceit.
Where God is known
I'd rather wait
And keep his gate
Than fill a throne.

6 God is our glorious sun,
Our support and our shield,
In him we live alone,
His hands with gifts are fill'd.

The Lord will show
To Israel's race
His power and grace,
And glory too.

- 7 The saints are his delight,
They're children of his love,
And those who walk upright
Shall feast on joys above.
The Lord will bless
His saints below
Whose love they owe
To sovereign grace.

PSALM 85. C. M.

- 1 O LORD thou hast been very kind,
Thou hast reversed our stroke,
Thy mercy thou hast called to mind,
And saved thy little flock.
- 2 Thy love to us thou hast made known,
Thy wrath 'gainst us to cease;
Now let our hearts be thine alone,
And trust thy sovereign grace.
- 3 Revive our drooping spirits, Lord,
And guide us in thy ways,
Fulfil the promise of thy word,
And tune our lips for praise.
- 4 We'll hear what God the Lord will say,
To his saints he'll speak peace,
But let them wander not away,
Nor turn to foolishness.

PART II. C. M.

- 5 Salvation is forever near,
All those who trust his grace,
His love for them he'll make appear,
And crown their days with peace.
- 6 Truth met with mercy, they embraced
Each other, since the Lord
By his obedience justice pleased,
And peace again restored.
- 7 Now mercy, truth and righteousness
Dwell on the earth again,
And heavenly virtues bless the place,
In our dear Saviour's reign.
- 8 Jesus our King is gone before
To lead us to our God,
And guard us that we sin no more,
But keep the heavenly road.

PSALM 86. L. M.

- 1 LORD, there is none among the gods,
So pure as thy perfections are,
Nor is their holiness like thine,
Nor can their works with thine compare.
- 2 All nations whom thou madest shall come,
And round thy throne their offerings
bring,
For thou, O Lord, art wonderful,
And thou alone art sovereign King.

- 3 Make me to walk in thy commands,
And give to me thy heavenly grace,
Let all my thoughts and actions join
To sing my heavenly Father's praise.
- 4 My tongue shall tell thy wonders o'er,
And thy sweet mercies I'll record,
How that thy sovereign love alone
Gave me thy grace for my reward.

PSALM 87. C. M.

- 1 GOD in the churches of his grace,
His firm foundation sets;
He, more than Jacob's dwelling place,
Delights in Zion's gates.
- 2 His goodness still supplies the wants
Of those who pay their vows,
But his delight is with his saints,
Who worship in his house.
- 3 What glorious things are on record,
Wrought on the earth below;
Thou city of the living God,
Thy fame shall Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Babylon, Jew and Greek,
Their lives begin anew,
And ev'ry nation early seek
The place whence blessings flow.
- 5 The Lord when he shall count will write
Of people in his mount,
'Twill be an honour to unite
With saints in his account.

PSALM 88. C. M.

- 1 LORD God of my salvation, hear
My supplicating cry,
And let my morn and evening prayer
Ascend to thee on high.
- 2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
Impress'd with all thy waves,
While o'er my head dread sorrows roll
In deep and darksome caves.
- 3 My friends thou hast from me removed,
Whom I esteemed have,
And my companions whom I loved
Are tenants of the grave.
- 4 By reason of my pain and grief,
I mourn, and weep and sigh,
To thee I look for kind relief,
And on thy grace rely.
- 5 Through every scene I walk alone,
And comfortless remain,
I am forgotten and unknown,
Each change renews my pain.
- 6 Why will the Lord now cast me off,
And hide his face from me?
Will he remove from me his love,
When life has fled away?
- 7 Can dust and ashes praise the Lord,
Or tribute to him bring,
Or wake to being at his word,
And tune the voice to sing?

- 8 Yet through each day when suffering grief,
To thee my God, I prayed,
And still will pray for kind relief,
And seek thy heavenly aid.
- 9 For friends are numbered with the dead,
My comforters are gone,
My joys and pleasures all have fled,
And I am left to mourn.

PSALM 89. L. M.

- 1 GOD'S mercies I will ever praise,
His faithfulness I will make known,
So that the next succeeding race
May hand his wonders safely down.
- 2 His truth forever shall endure,
It steadfast as the heavens remains,
The promise of his grace is sure,
As is the throne whereon he reigns.
- 3 The ancient house of Israel's race,
Held long the Jewish royal throne,
But there is sealed the promised grace,
To holy David's promised son.
- 4 His seed forever shall remain,
And 'bove the skies in glory shine,
The meanest saint shall there obtain
A crown adorned by grace divine.
- 5 O Lord our God, thy glorious praise
Is sung by all the saints on high,
Thy saints on earth their anthems raise,
And celebrate thy praise with joy.

PART II. L. M.

- 6 With rev'rence and with godly fear,
Adore and magnify the Lord,
Let us obey his laws with care,
And walk according to his word.
- 7 Thy glories Lord how bright they shine,
How terrible thine armies are;
Where is the power can equal thine,
Or with thy majesty compare.
- 8 The northern and the southern pole,
Rest on thine hand, almighty Lord,
While nights and days still onward roll,
And move according to thy word.
- 9 The stormy winds and swelling deep,
Own and confess thy mighty hand,
And when the raging billows sleep,
They rise again at thy command.
- 10 The starry heavens, O Lord, are thine,
And earth and air and spacious sea,
They saw thy dreadful vengeance shine,
When Egypt's children thou didst slay.
- 11 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Thy sovereign grace, how large, how
free;
Thy gracious love thou hast made known,
To bring thy people home to thee.

PART III. L. M.

- 12 Divinely blest the people are,
Who hear the words of gospel grace,

Peace shall attend their steps while here,
And heavenly light surround their ways.

13 They in their great Redeemer's name,
Rejoice and are exceeding glad,
His righteousness applied to them,
Fills all their foes with fear and dread.

14 The sovereign Lord our cause maintains,
And is our rock and our strong tower,
Israel, thy God in glory reigns,
Thy King forever shall endure.

PART IV. L. M.

15 The holy one in vision said,
I'll make my loving kindness known,
Ye saints rejoice, your help is laid
On Christ my dear anointed Son.

16 Now see the man among your race,
The only man my wisdom chose;
He comes adorned with heavenly grace,
Anointing oil his head o'erflows.

17 Exalted high on David's throne,
His government he will sustain,
Mine arm will beat his enemies down,
That dare oppose his sovereign reign.

18 My mercy and my faithfulness,
With him establish'd firm shall be,
While in my name his sovereign grace
Shall o'er the world his sceptre sway.

- 19 Thou art my Father, he shall say,
My hope, my sovereign God alone;
Call me his rock, his only stay,
And I'll uphold mine only Son.
- 20 Arrayed in light my first born Son,
Enthroned at my right hand shall sit;
Angels his mighty power shall own,
And kings bow humbly at his feet.
- 21 My mercy is forever sure,
And my engagements firm and strong,
And long as days of heaven endure,
His children shall remain so long.

PART V. L. M.

- 22 But if his children, saith the Lord,
Should break my laws and go astray,
Or choose the guilty sinner's road,
And tempt my love from them away :
- 23 Their faults I'll visit with the rod,
And make them suffer for their crime,
Yet still I'll be their faithful God,
Nor will I take my grace from them.
- 24 My promises I will not break,
My mercies shall forever last,
And that which with my mouth I spake,
Eternal truth shall bind it fast.
- 25 Once by my holiness I swore,
My faithfulness should never cease,
To make the promised grace secure,
To pious David and his race.

- 26 The sun shall see his children blest,
And spread abroad from sea to sea,
Long as he shines from east to west
And governs and adorns the day,
27 And like the moon that cheers the night,
His government shall last alway,
Until the darkness and the light
Be lost in beams of heavenly day.

LAST PART. C. M.

- 28 Remember, Lord how frail we are,
How short our time on earth ;
Where is the man that is secure
From sickness, pain and death.
29 All nations die and turn to clay :
Must death forever reign ?
Our heart and flesh repine and say,
Hast thou made man in vain ?
30 Thy servants die and turn to dust,
Where are thy promises ?
But faith prohibits this mistrust,
And sees the dust arise.
31 That dreadful day, that glorious hour,
Shall wipe the stain away,
Shall magnify thy word with power,
And raise the sleeping clay.

PSALM 90. L. M.

- 1 OUR sovereign God, our happy home,
Our help in generations past,

Our hope for ages yet to come,
And our eternal all at last.

2 Beneath thy shade the humble saints
Rejoice and are exceeding glad ;
Thou art my rock and my defence,
My hope and my perpetual aid.

3 Before the mountains forth were brought,
Or spacious seas or pleasant plains,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless ages still remains.

4 We die by thousands in thy sight,
Through fallen Adam we are lost ;
Thy sentence Lord was just and right,
Return ye sinners to your dust.

5 A thousand years are in thy sight
Like yesterday when it is gone,
Or like the ending watch of night,
Before the early morning dawn.

6 Behold the race of flesh and blood,
The vain, the prudent and the gay,
As with an overwhelming flood
Thou sweepest them from the earth away.

7 Our days and years they swiftly fly,
Race after race soon pass away,
And as a dream forgotten lie,
Expiring at the dawn of day.

8 We flourish like the flowery fields,
Our days of youth in pleasure run ;
The grass beneath the mower yields,
And fades before the setting sun.

9 Our sovereign God, our happy home,
Our help in generations past,
Our hope for ages yet to come,
And our eternal all at last.

PART II. L. M.

- 10 If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark our faults,
And make thy judgments just appear,
Thy vengeance would exceed our thoughts
And strike us with distressing fear.
- 11 We are consumed, thine angry frowns
Turn us to dust for one offence;
Adam with all his guilty sons
Have lost their perfect innocence.
- 12 On trifling joys we meditate,
Which bring our years unto an end,
And as a tale which we relate,
So we our months and years do spend.
- 13 Our age on earth in thine account,
To three score years and ten are set,
But if to eighty they amount,
How frail the time, how short the date.
- 14 How oft appears thy dreadful wrath,
Which strikes us with alarm and dread,
Cuts off our joyful years on earth,
To join the mansions of the dead.
- 15 Our sovereign Lord, thy love make known,
And not thy wrath alone display;
Let us with prayer address thy throne,
And daily offer praise to thee.

- 16 Teach us, O Lord, thy truth divine,
And in thy work our time employ,
So that we may in glory shine,
And live with thee beyond the sky.

PART III. L. M.

- 17 Turn unto us, O God of love,
Earth is a tedious place to stay :
How long before thou wilt remove,
Thine anger from the saints away.
- 18 O may sweet heavenly joys succeed,
Those years of sorrow, pain and woe,
And in proportion to our grief,
So make our happiness to flow.
- 19 O let thy work and power appear
Unto thy humble servants, Lord,
Then cheerfully we will declare,
And spread thy truth and love abroad.
- 20 Then in thy glorious heavens, O Lord,
We'll in thy splendid beauty shine,
There meet with a divine reward,
A recompense for all our pain.

PSALM 90. C. M.

- 1 Our God, our hope, our dwelling place,
In generations past,
Our sure support in sore distress,
And our sweet joy at last.

- 2 Thy saints have ever dwelt secure,
 Beneath thy shady wings;
Thou art my rock and my strong tower,
 My safety from thee springs.
- 3 Before the earth received her frame,
 Or was in being brought,
E'en thou forever art the same,
 The everlasting God.
- 4 At thy command the sons of men
 Perish and waste away,
And unto man thou sayest again,
 Return ye into clay.
- 5 A thousand years are in thy sight,
 As yesterday to thee,
Or as the ending watch of night,
 Before the dawn of day.
- 6 See the whole race of flesh and blood,
 The prudent and the gay,
As with an overflowing flood,
 Thou sweepest them away.
- 7 On rapid wing our years they fly,
 In following years they're lost;
We as a dream forgotten lie,
 And turn again to dust.
- 8 We flourish like the grassy fields,
 Our youth we spend in joys,
The grass beneath the mower yields,
 And ere the night it dies.

- 9 Our God, our hope, our dwelling place,
In generations past,
Our sure support in sore distress,
And our sweet joy at last.

PART II. C. M.

- 10 If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark our faults,
And up against us rise,
Thy vengeance would exceed our thoughts
And strike us with surprise.
- 11 For in thine anger all our days,
We pine for one offence,
Adam, with all his sinful race,
Have lost their innocence.
- 12 Life's vain amusements we behold
With pleasing joy always,
And as a tale that hath been told,
So we do spend our days.
- 13 Th' appointed age on earth we live
To seventy years is set,
But if to eighty we arrive,
How very short the date.
- 14 And yet how oft appears thy wrath,
Which strikes us with a dread,
Cuts off our joyful years on earth
To join the silent dead.
- 15 O Lord, our God, thy love make known,
And not thy wrath display,
Thy tender mercies still we own,
Thy mercy is our plea.

- 16 Teach us thy sacred truth and love,
We on thy grace rely,
So that we may our time improve,
And live with thee on high.*

PART III. C. M.

- 17 Turn unto us, O God of love,
How long thus shall it be,
How long before thou wilt remove
Thy wrath from us away.
- 18 O may sweet heavenly joys divine,
Succeed our years of woe,
And in proportion to our pain,
So make our comforts flow.
- 19 O let thy work and power appear
Before thy servant's face,
Then ever more thy children dear
Shall praise thy sovereign grace.
- 20 Then in thy courts above, O Lord,
We'll in thy beauty shine,
And there receive a blest reward,
That's heavenly and divine.

PSALM 91. C. M.

1. HE that hath made the mighty God
His refuge and delight,
Shall find a safe and sure abode
To rest by day and night.

- 2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my rock and tower,
I that am formed of feeble clay,
Can trust his mighty power.
- 3 O happy man, beneath his smiles,
And his protecting care,
He keeps thee safe from Satan's wiles,
And from the fowler's snare.
- 4 From God thy peace and safety spring,
Through him their joys endure,
And underneath his sheltering wing,
His saints shall rest secure.
- 5 Should burning heats of noonday sun
Dart his infectious rays,
God is their health and strength alone,
And shields them from disease.
- 6 Should vapours rise and scatter death
In night's dark atmosphere,
There they are safe, the air they breathe
Is pure if God be there.

PAUSE.

- 7 What though a thousand, sunk in death,
On thy right hand shall lie,
Though thousands ten around thy path,
To thee 'twill not come nigh.
- 8 Thus, when his angel from the skies
His wrath on Egypt pours,
All the first born of Egypt dies,
But pass'd by Jacob's doors.

- 9 But if the sword or pestilence,
Are ordered by his love,
Among the rest to strike his saints,
Their deaths a blessing prove.
- 10 The sword, the fire, and sore distress
Shall their desires fulfil,
Shall free thy children from disgrace,
And bring them to thy hill.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 Ye feeble sons of earth and dust,
Who groan beneath a sinful load,
Come make the Lord your only trust,
Your only care and sure abode.
- 2 No plague shall haunt your dwelling place,
Or if the pestilence comes nigh,
What sinks to hell the wicked race,
Shall raise the humble saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to choose
For you the way wherein to go,
To watch your bed while you repose,
And guard you safe while here below.
- 4 They'll bear you safely in their hands,
Lest you should dash against the stones,
For they obey his high commands
When sent to 'tend his chosen sons.
- 5 Lions and adders ye shall tread,
And Satan's stratagems frustrate,
The Lord who bruised the serpent's head,
Has trampled him beneath your feet.

- 6 Because on me they set their love,
I'll strength and grace to them afford,
I'll bear my faithful saints above
Disease and the destructive sword.
- 7 I'll answer them whene'er they call,
In their afflictions I'll be nigh ;
My hand shall lift them when they fall,
Spread glory round them when they die.
- 8 Those who have known my name on earth
Shall dwell with me above the sky ;
They shall receive a heavenly birth,
And my salvation shall enjoy.

PSALM 92. C. M.

- 1 HOW pleasant 'tis by morning light
To tender thee my praise,
And talk thy wonders o'er by night,
The wonders of thy grace.
- 2 How pleasing is the sacred day,
From worldly care set free,
O teach me, Lord, aright to pray,
And sing with melody.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my God,
His works, how bright they shine,
Thy work of grace how wonderful,
Thy councils how divine.
- 4 Fools do neglect the work of praise,
They live like brutes below,
Like grass they flourish till thy frown
Sinks them in endless woe.

5 But I shall be exalted high,
When grace like early dew,
And fresh anointing oil of joy,
My comforts will renew.

6 Iniquities no more shall rise,
Nor vex mine eyes again,
And ev'ry sin within my breast
Forever shall be slain.

7 Mine eyes with pleasure shall behold
All that I wished to see,
And every sense fill'd with delight,
When blest alone in thee.

PAUSE.

8 Within the garden of thy grace,
Thy plants do thrive below,
Let me in thy fair paradise
Like a young cedar grow.

9 There shining as the mid-day sun,
Thy saints with grace appear;
Not all the trees of Lebanon
Presents a sight so fair.

10 Those heavenly plants shall grow and
thrive
When nature must decay,
Time's things will fade, but grace will live
And shine in endless day.

11 Opprest with fruits of age, they prove
The Lord is just and kind,
And those who trust his sovereign love,
Will every comfort find.

PSALM 93. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord on high in glory reigns
With majesty most bright,
While the creation he sustains
By his own power and might.
- 2 Long ere the earth and seas were made,
Or on their bases stood,
Thy throne was fix'd and firmly laid,
The ever-living God.
- 3 Floods of ill men lift up their voice,
And 'gainst the heavens exclaim,
But God will still their angry noise,
And sink them down in shame.
- 4 The testimony of thy grace
Forever shall remain,
And pure and perfect righteousness
Shall in thy dwellings reign.

PSALM 94. L. M.

- 1 O GOD, revenge belongs to thee,
Thy vengeance now declare aloud,
Our insults and our injuries see,
And recompense the haughty proud.
- 2 Yet they say God sees not nor hears;
Ye fools, how long till ye be wise?
Can God be deaf who made their ears,
Or he be blind who formed their eyes.
- 3 He knows their thoughts are vanity,
But they shall know his power and
reign;

He'll sink their hopes eternally,
And pierce their souls with grief and
pain.

- 4 But should the saints deserve thy rod,
Thou hast for them a milder way :
Thy tender care and gracious word,
Shall bring them safely home to thee.
- 5 Blest is the man that bears the rod,
And suffers trouble from thy hands,
Thy chastisements to saints are good
When they forget thy high commands.
- 6 Because the Lord will not cast off
Nor break his promises to saints,
His wonderful and gracious love
Will pardon his inheritance.

PART II. L. M.

- 7 Who will stand up and plead my cause,
Against my cruel enemies,
For wicked men collect their force,
And daily up against me rise.
- 8 Had not the Lord, mine help, mine aid,
My feeble, fainting power sustained,
My soul had dwelt among the dead,
My life in silence had remained.
- 9 When this I said, my feet they slide,
Thy constant care was all thy joy,
Thy sovereign grace stood by my side,
And raised my feeble prospects high.

- 10 Amidst the multitude of thoughts,
Which in my bosom daily fight,
Thy goodness pardons all my faults,
Thy promised grace is my delight.
- 11 Though thrones of wickedness may rise,
And vile destructive laws may make,
But God, on whom may hope relies,
Defends me for his mercy's sake.
- 12 Malevolence may vent her rage,
And persecutors boast aloud ;
The Lord will on my side engage,
And pour his vengeance on the proud.

PSALM 95. C. M.

- 1 Come let us make a joyful noise,
And tell his wondrous ways,
When his salvation is our joys,
Exalted be our praise.
- 2 Come let us bow before the Lord,
The shepherd of his sheep,
He did create us with his word,
And doth us safely keep.
- 3 Come hear the language of his grace,
Obey his voice to-day :
Not like the Jews, that hardened race,
That sinn'd and fell away.
- 4 Israel when in the wilderness,
His mighty works they saw,
Did yet despise their Maker's ways,
And trample on his law.

- 5 I said in heart, this people err,
How false they are and vain;
Since they despise my rest, I swear
My rest they'll not obtain.
- 6 My soul look back with fear and see,
Those stubborn sinners dead,
Accept the offered grace to-day,
The rich provision made.
- 7 Embrace his love without delay,
And seize the promised rest,
With joy march on the heavenly way,
And live forever blest.

PSALM 96. L. M.

- 1 O ALL ye lands, sing to the Lord,
And let your solemn songs be new,
Let every tongue with one accord,
His new discovered wonders show.
- 2 Among the heathen nations say,
Jesus the blest Redeemer reigns,
His word the heavenly hosts obey,
His mighty arm the world sustains.
- 3 That glorious day let heaven declare,
Let gladness through the world be seen,
In beauty let the hills appear,
And flowery fields arrayed in green.
- 4 Let earth and seas and skies rejoice,
The starry train his power displays;
Let valleys sing with cheerful voice,
And pleasant groves repeat his praise.

- 5 He comes adorned with heavenly grace,
All nations own his sovereign sway ;
He comes to teach the world his ways,
And spread his truth from sea to sea.
- 6 His voice the sleeping dust shall wake,
And bid the world before him come :
But how will guilty wretches quake,
To hear from him their final doom.

PSALM 97. C. M.

- 1 JESUS the prince of glory reigns,
O'er earth and isles and seas,
Let every tongue in sweetest strains,
Sing the Redeemer's praise.
- 2 His justice stands forever sure,
His counsels none can trace,
But truth and grace shall still endure,
Though clouds obscure his ways.
- 3 In judgment robes, lo he returns,
With saints in bright array,
Consuming fire before him burns,
And mountains melt away.
- 4 His foes with awful terror fly,
And faint away with fear ;
Ye saints then lift your heads on high,
For your redemption's near.

PART II. C. M.

- 5 His birth the heavenly hosts make known,
A Saviour's born, they sing ;

An eastern star directs the road
Of wise men to their king.

6 He bids his shining armies go,
And homage to him pay;
Those gods on high and gods below,
Their honours prostrate lay.

7 His rightful power the heavens confess,
Then let the idols all
Heap on their votaries vile disgrace,
Then into ruins fall.

PART III. C. M

8 O'er all the earth, o'er all the skies,
Jesus our Saviour reigns,
Though round about him darkness rise,
Yet still his mercy shines.

9 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And hate the work of shame;
He hears the moanings and complaints
Of all that love his name.

10 For those that truly upright are,
A joyful light is sown;
The seeds of glory rise while here,
And bloom in worlds unknown.

11 Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord,
Express your thanks and praise,
When in your memories ye record
The kindness of his grace.

PSALM 98. L. M.

- 1 LET us prepare to sing new praise
To our almighty Saviour God;
He has made known his saving grace,
And spread his truth and love abroad.
- 2 He spake the word to Abram first,
Then taught his happy sons the same;
The Gentile nations in him trust,
And spread the glory of his fame.
- 3 Let ev'ry land adore the Lord,
And ev'ry tongue with joy proclaim,
The glory of his sacred word,
The honour due his blessed name.

PART II. L. M.

- 4 Let earth, and isles, and seas rejoice,
Our sovereign King his love displays;
Let ev'ry tongue with cheerful voice,
Proclaim the honour of his grace.
- 5 O'er ev'ry land the Saviour reigns,
Let men their hallelujahs raise;
While raging seas, rocks, hills and plains,
Agree to spread his glorious praise.
- 6 Let griefs and fears no more abound,
And ev'ry vice forever flee;
He comes to spread his blessings round,
And take the curse of sin away.
- 7 Jesus, the prince of glory, reigns
O'er all who dwell below the skies;
While the creation he sustains,
And men and beasts with food supplies.

PSALM 98. S. M.

- 1 TO our Redeemer God,
New hallelujahs raise ;
He comes to spread his love abroad,
And teach the world his ways.
- 2 He spake to Abram first,
His truth and promised grace ;
The Gentile nations in him trust,
And plead his promises.
- 3 Let earth adore the Lord,
And ev'ry tongue proclaim
The honour due his sacred word,
And spread abroad his fame.

PART II. S. M.

- 4 Let the whole world be glad
And own her Saviour King ;
May ev'ry heart be joyful made,
And all creation sing.
- 5 Let seas and all within
The world, and dwellers there ;
Let rocks and mountains, hills and plain,
Together joy declare.
- 6 No more let fears abound,
Nor sin destroy our peace ;
He scatters heavenly blessings round,
And makes the curse to cease.
- 7 My dear Redeemer reigns,
And rules the earth below ;
While the creation he sustains,
And makes his blessings flow.

PSALM 99. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord in glory reigns on high,
Let all the people quake with fear;
Let guilty sinners weep and cry,
And let his church be humble there.
 - 2 Jesus, the Prince of glory reigns,
Let earth adore his power divine;
Bright cherubims on him attend,
And execute his wise design.
 - 3 His glorious throne in Zion stands,
His honour shines supremely there;
His church is govern'd by his hands,
And guarded by his heavenly care.
 - 4 How holy is his fearful name,
His dreadful praise none can express;
Justice and truth make known his fame,
And loud proclaim his righteousness.
- PAUSE.
- 5 Do ye extol the Lord our God,
And bow with rev'rence at his feet;
For he is holy, just, and pure,
His throne of mercy is his seat.
 - 6 When Israel on the Lord relied,
When pious Aaron was his priest,
When Samuel prayed, when Moses cried,
He answered them and gave them rest.
 - 7 Oft he forgave their num'rous faults,
Nor would their stubborn race destroy,

And oftentimes afflicted them

When they provoked the Lord most high.

- 8 Do ye exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his holy hill ;
He is a God that's just and pure,
And for his name is jealous still.

PSALM 100. L. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Ye nations round the earth that dwell
Appear before him and rejoice,
And all his mighty wonders tell.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God alone,
He formed us men without our aid ;
We are his flock, he doth us own,
And on his pastures we are fed.
- 3 O enter then his gates with joy,
With songs of praise approach his house,
And make it still your sweet employ,
To pay him there your solemn vows.
- 4 Because the Lord our God is kind,
His love from age to age is sure,
And those who trust his grace shall find,
His truth forever shall endure.

PSALM 100. C. M.

- 1 BEFORE the Lord your sovereign King,
Ye nations all rejoice ;
Come let your tongues his praises sing,
And make a joyful noise.

- 2 Without our aid he did us make
Of clay, and formed us men,
And when his fold we did forsake,
He brought us back again.
- 3 We are his saints, we love his ways,
He is our sure abode ;
What glorious honours shall we raise
To thee our sovereign God.
- 4 With joy we'll to thy house resort,
And high our voices raise,
With cheerful songs we'll fill thy court,
And sound aloud thy praise.
- 5 Exceeding broad is thy command,
And boundless is thy grace ;
Forever firm thy truth shall stand,
When time itself shall cease.

PSALM 101. C. M.

- 1 MERCY and judgment I will sing,
Since both belong to thee ;
My sovereign God, my gracious King,
To thee my praise shall be.
- 2 If as a king I bear the sword,
I'll trust thy sovereign grace ;
Thy justice and thy mercy, Lord,
Shall model all my ways.
- 3 Let heavenly wisdom be my guide,
My God, my only stay ;
Let nothing vain with me abide
To rouse thy jealousy.

- 4 No sons of malice, lies or fraud,
My friendship shall obtain ;
The wicked heart, the vain and proud,
With me shall not remain.
- 5 I'll raise the faithful of the land
To posts of honour high ;
The men that 'bey thy high command,
On them I will rely.
- 6 The treach'rous sons of sly deceit,
By flattery shall not rise ;
I will protect the innocent,
And punish haughty vice.
- 7 The factious crew, whose wicked deeds
Destroy the public peace ;
Shall turn and hide their guilty heads,
And sink into disgrace.

PSALM 102. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, unto my prayer attend,
See my afflictions and distress,
Up to thy throne my cries I send,
Hide not from me thy smiling face.
- 2 My days they vanish like the smoke,
Dissolving in the atmosphere ;
My health is gone, my heart is broke,
With trouble, sorrow, grief and fear.
- 3 Like wither'd grass my flesh decays,
Scorched with the sun's excessive heat ;
In groans I pass my weary days,
So that I do forget to eat.

- 4 As on some desolate house top
The sparrow mourns her fate alone ;
Far distant from a place of hope
I sit and tell my daily moan.
- 5 My soul is like a desert waste,
Where savage beasts roam for their prey,
Where the sad raven builds her nest,
And screaming owl avoids the day.
- 6 What boding thoughts and gloomy fears
Within my troubled bosom roll ;
What blasphemies disturb my ears,
And constant sorrows vex my soul.
- 7 My drink is mingled with my tears,
And griefs, and troubles are my meat ;
My daily bread like ashes 'pears,
Offensive to my taste to eat.
- 8 No happiness can sense afford
To those who suffer grief and woe ;
It was thy hand that raised me, Lord,
Thy chast'ning hand has brought me
low.
- 9 Like autumn leaves my looks appear,
Or life's declining days are made ;
The evening shadows weaker are,
And mingle in the sable shade.
- 10 But thou forever art our Lord,
And thy eternal years the same,
The coming ages shall record
The wonders of thy glorious name.

- 11 Thou wilt arise and mercy have,
Nor will thy goodness long delay,
Beyond th' appointed time to save,
Beyond the glorious joyful day.
- 12 He hears his people when they pray,
And knows when they lament and cry;
His grace in a mysterious way,
Redeems the pris'ners doomed to die.

PART II. L. M.

- 13 Let Zion joy with all her sons,
Behold the long expected day,
Her gracious God has heard her moans,
And comes to chase her grief away.
- 14 The ruin of her dust is dear,
And highly valued in our eyes,
Those ruins shall once more appear,
And in immortal glory rise.
- 15 The Lord will Zion build again,
And there in splendour will appear,
Nations shall own his sovereign reign,
And potentates attend with fear.
- 16 The mighty Lord who rules the skies,
Looked down in pity from his throne,
To see the captive's rising sighs,
And hear the dying pris'ner's moan.
- 17 The souls condemned to death he frees,
And when his humble people mourns,
His tender mercies he displays,
And blessings on their heads returns.

- 18 When we are mouldering in the dust,
This shall be known and on record,
That ages yet to come may trust,
And glorify their sovereign Lord.

PART III. C. M.

- 1 Our Saviour God, it is thy hand
That weakens our frail race,
Diseases wait for thy command,
And thus cuts short our days,
- 2 Save us, O Lord, nor let our sun
Go down at shining noon;
Thy years are one eternal round,
And must we die so soon.
- 3 Yet in the midst of all our griefs,
The pleasing thought remains,
Our Father and our Saviour lives,
And o'er creation reigns.
- 4 The earth's foundation firm he laid,
And build the heavens did he;
The earth shall fail, the heavens shall fade,
And all things changed be.
- 5 Like garments shall the heavens above,
Be changed and laid aside,
Yet still thy throne shall never move
Thy people must abide.
- 6 Thy saints shall live before thy face,
And reign with thee on high,
They shall survive when earth and seas
Before thy presence fly.

PSALM 103. C. M.

- 1 O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all within me praise,
His holy, high, exalted name,
Whose goodness crowns my days.
- 2 O thou my soul, forever bless,
The Lord who rules on high,
Nor let his wonders be forgot,
Nor in mute silence lie.
- 3 'Twas he that sent his only Son,
To die that I might live,
The Father owns the ransom paid,
And all my sins forgive.
- 4 The mind diseased with sin he heals,
By his renewing grace,
He saves our souls from sin and hell,
And crowns our days with peace.
- 5 Our youth he will renew again,
And guide us in his ways,
Our mouths with bread will satisfy,
And give us heavenly grace.
- 6 The proud oppressors he treads down,
And sets the oppressed free,
And righteous judgment executes
On the decisive day.
- 7 His ways to Moses, and his acts
To Israel's sons made known,
But sent his gospel down to earth,
By Jesus Christ his Son.

- 8 Let every land his name adore,
The world his power confess,
And Jew and Gentile both agree,
To magnify his grace.

PART II. C. M.

- 9 His ways how wonderful they are,
His truth always remains,
His throne of mercy is on high,
From thence his glory shines.
- 10 High as the starry heavens are,
Above the flowery plains,
So far the riches of his grace,
Exceed our noblest strains.
- 11 Far as the golden beams of morn,
Is from the distant west,
So far will he remove the guilt
From those his grace has blest.
- 12 How slow his anger is to rise,
His tender mercies great,
And if he lets his vengeance burn,
How soon his frowns abate.
- 13 Amidst his wrath kind blessings flow,
Our sins how great they are,
And when he does afflict his saints,
He heals with tender care.
- 14 Such pity as a father bears
The children of his loins,
The Lord to saints such pity shows,
His countenance on them shines.

- 15 The Lord our God is merciful,
And knows how frail we are,
His tender love will not oppress
Beyond what we can bear.
- 16 Our feeble frames he did create,
And knows we are but clay,
Like tender grass at morn cut down,
We die and waste away.
- 17 His tender care to all his saints
Will everlasting prove,
And children's children ever find
In him a faithful love.

PART III. C. M.

- 18 The sovereign Lord has fix'd his throne,
In heaven above to stand,
And ev'ry creature that exists
Is governed by his hand.
- 19 O ye his angels, great in strength,
'That fly at his commands,
Bless ye the Lord, obey his voice,
Whose counsel ever stands.
- 20 Ye shining hosts of his who wait
The pleasure of his will,
Who guard his saints from hurtful snares,
Your praise to him fulfil.
- 21 O bless the Lord, all ye his saints,
Ye kingdoms own his word,
Throughout his vast dominions all :
My soul, O bless the Lord.

PSALM 104. C. M.

- 1 O THOU my soul, forever bless
The God of grace divine ;
When he appears in royal dress,
How bright his glories shine.
- 2 His curtains are the starry skies,
His bed the flowing seas,
Clouds are his chariot when he flies,
The wind his voice obeys.
- 3 His ministers that dwell on high,
Appear like flaming fires,
And swift as light, his angels fly
To do what he desires.
- 4 The earth's foundation by his hand
Forever shall remain,
He binds the ocean fast in sand,
Lest it o'erflow again.
- 5 When o'er the earth the waters spread,
And 'bove the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled
Into its deep abode.
- 6 The swelling ocean knows its bound,
He binds it in his chains,
And streams of water through the ground
From mountains high descends.
- 7 The crystal fountains from the hills
Cheer valleys as they flow,
There the wild asses drink their fills,
And herds for water low.

- 8 The trees that shade the cooling stream,
The birds choose for their place;
Their thankful notes of praise should
shame
The silence of our race.

PAUSE.

- 9 God from the wat'ry clouds above
On earth the rain distils,
The fields, the garden, and the grove,
Their double blessing yields.
- 10 His goodness makes the grass to rise
To feed the grazing beasts,
And herbs to man his hand supplies
For med'cine or for feasts.
- 11 The products of the noble vine,
Bring forth a pleasant juice,
Our hearts are joyful made with wine,
His gifts are all of use.
- 12 He spreads our table day by day,
Our gran'ries fills with bread ;
Food is our strength, our vital stay,
Our thanks to him be paid.

PART II. C. M.

- 13 Behold, the cedar stands with grace,
Its top salutes the sky,
There birds for safety choose their place,
And build their nests on high.

- 14 Wild goats ascend the craggy hill,
While at the mount below
The weaker creatures build their cell,
Which by instinct they know.
- 15 The sun from him learns when to set,
The moon her face to change,
And when the darkness makes it night,
Calls out wild beasts to range.
- 16 The lions young roar for their prey,
And seek from God their meat,
But when the morning dawns for day,
They to their dens retreat.
- 17 Then man unto his labour goes,
And toils all day in grief;
The night was made for his repose,
His sleep is sweet relief.
- 18 Thy works, how wonderful they are,
Thy gifts how large, how free,
Thy wisdom through all lands appear,
The earth is full of thee.
- 19 So is the wide and spacious sea,
Where frightful monsters creep,
And where they are preserved by thee,
To wander in the deep.
- 20 There ships divide the raging seas,
Where great sea monsters are,
There that huge Leviathan plays,
Nor dreads the shaking spear.

PART III. C. M.

- 21 How marv'lous are thy works, O Lord,
They own thy power and skill,
Creatures depend upon thy word,
And wait thy sovereign will.
- 22 While each their different food receives,
They all make known thy praise,
And every thing that moves and lives,
Are glad in different ways.
- 23 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
They to thy will resign,
And at thy word to dust return,
For life and breath are thine.
- 24 Yet thou again canst fill the earth
With living beasts and men,
One word of thy creating breath
Repairs what death has done.
- 25 His works make known his mighty power,
And sing aloud his praise,
His truth forever shall endure,
How dreadful are his ways.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy frown,
Thy touch sets hills on fire,
But still thy saints thy mercies own,
And tell thee their desire.
- 27 In thee my hopes are placed, which make
My meditation sweet ;
Thy glorious praise my mouth shall speak
Till heavenly joys I meet.

- 28 From earth let sinners be cut off,
Destroy the wicked race,
But thou my soul forever love
And bless the God of grace.

PSALM 105. L. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, call on his name,
And tell to men his wondrous ways,
Go through the world, his works proclaim,
That all may seek his heavenly grace.
- 2 His cov'nant still he thought upon,
Through generations long since past,
It thousand ages yet to come,
With equal energy shall last.
- 3 The promise made, he firmly sealed
To faithful Abram and his seed;
The Gentiles to his precepts yield,
And love his promises to plead.
- 4 All nations shall be blest in thee,
Said the almighty, sovereign Lord,
Canaan thy resting-place shall be,
And shall a type of heaven afford.
- 5 How great his love, how large the grant,
To give them such a resting-place,
When they were strangers in the land,
A destitute and feeble race.
- 6 And as they went from land to land,
Secure and safe they marched along,
And for their sakes his chast'ning hand
Reproved the kings that done them
wrong.

- 7 Thus saith the Lord, touch ye not those
Who my anointed children are,
Nor harm my prophets, nor oppose
The humble people of my care.
- 8 Then let the wicked cease from rage,
Nor vex the pious and sincere;
His church shall live through every age,
His church is his peculiar care.

PART II. L. M.

- 9 When Pharaoh grieved the chosen race,
It roused the fury of their God :
Moses he sends in their distress,
And gives to him his chastening rod.
- 10 He spake, and gloomy darkness came,
The sacred word he did obey,
Then turned their lakes and every stream
To blood, and all their fish did slay.
- 11 The frogs, like hateful armies, rise
In chambers of their haughty kings :
His word, all sorts of flies and lice
Through their rebellious land he brings.
- 12 Then through their fields and palaces
Caterpillars did much abound,
Locusts destroyed their olive trees,
And hail the produce of the ground.
- 13 Their first born sons by his command
Fell dead beneath his chast'ning stroke ;
So thus the glory of their land
And strength of every house he broke.

- 14 Then let the wicked cease from rage,
Nor vex the humble and sincere,
His church shall live through every age,
His church is his peculiar care.

PART III. L. M.

- 15 Now free from slavery, grief and toil,
They left their proud oppressors' land
Laden with rich Egyptian spoil,
Nor was one feeble in their band.
- 16 The Lord himself was their delight,
And marks for them their wondrous way,
Gives them a fiery guide by night,
And sheltering cloud to lead by day.
- 17 He from the rock brought forth a stream
Of water, and their thirst supplied,
Which took their course and followed
them,
Like flowing rivers by their side.
- 18 O blessed type of grace divine,
Of boundless love to saints astray :
So Christ, our rock, our hopes maintains,
And guides us in the heavenly way.
- 19 Upheld alone by sovereign grace,
The chosen saints at thy command
Possessed with joy the promised place
Provided by thy gracious hand.
- 20 Then let the wicked cease from rage,
Nor vex the humble and sincere ;
His church shall live through every age,
His church is his peculiar care.

PSALM 106. C. M.

- 1 NOW to the God of sovereign power
Your songs of honour raise,
His mercy is forever sure,
Give him your thanks and praise.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of his hand,
Or who can sound his praise?
Blest are the souls that understand
Their duty in his ways.
- 3 Think, Lord, on what thy mercy done
For Jacob's ancient race,
And let thy great salvation crown
The children of thy grace.
- 4 Let me rejoice with thy dear saints,
And still thy mercies own,
To praise the Lord in highest strains
Shall all my pleasures crown.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, our God of truth and grace,
Our ways, how changeable they are,
Thine ancient race did often prove
Thy Providence and guardian care.
- 2 The wonders of thy hand they saw,
And then were glad and sung thy praise,
But soon they broke thy righteous law,
And murmured 'gainst thy sovereign
grace.

- 3 Now they adore the Lord, their rock,
Who from the rock their thirst supplied,
Now with their lusts do him provoke,
And he brings down their haughty pride.
- 4 But when they mourned their guilt and sin,
He saves them in their sore distress,
Brings his own promises to mind,
And calls them still the heirs of grace.
- 5 The Lord his chosen people loved,
And heard their moanings and complaints,
Oft he chastised, but ne'er removed
His tender care from pious saints.
- 6 Let Israel praise the mighty Lord,
Who saved and loved their ancient race,
Let every tongue, with one accord
Join in the solemn song of praise.

PSALM 107. C. M.

- 1 UNTO the Lord our thanks are due,
He kindly us sustains,
In every age his gifts are new,
And always new remains.
- 2 Let God's redeemed saints rejoice,
Let them his works declare,
Israel the people of his choice,
And his peculiar care.
- 3 When his dear children he released
From their oppressor's hand,
They wandered in a desert waste,
A solitary land.

- 4 There they could find no leading way,
Nor city where to rest,
No food, nor fountain to allay
Their hunger and their thirst.
- 5 They cried to God in their distress,
God takes them by the hand,
And leads them through the wilderness,
To Canaan's happy land.
- 6 So when we acquire our release
From sin and Satan's chain,
We have a world of grief to pass,
This world of toil and pain.
- 7 We from his table daily feast,
And from his folds we're clad,
His hand conducts us to our rest,
Where we are joyful made.
- 8 O Let the saints adore the Lord,
And trust his sovereign grace;
His wondrous works let us record,
And spread abroad his praise.

PART II. C. M.

- 9 Let every age his praises spread,
His mercies still are sure,
He fills the hungry soul with bread,
And feeds the humble poor.
- 10 But if their hearts reject his word,
And slight the heavenly cause,
If they despise the sovereign Lord,
And disobey his laws;

- 11 He will reduce their spirits low,
When none can them relieve:
Laden with sorrow, grief and woe,
Their lives draw near the grave.
- 12 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
And he affords them aid,
He makes the morning light to rise,
And dissipates the shade.
- 13 The gates of brass he cuts in two,
And sets the pris'ners free,
Takes off their load and lets them through,
And gives them liberty.
- 14 O let the saints with joy declare
The wonders of his grace;
His mighty works that marv'lous are,
Demand our noblest praise.

PART III. C. M.

- 15 Vain man, to please his taste and eyes,
In carnal pleasures trust;
But O what maladies arise,
From luxury and lust.
- 16 The drunkard wastes his life away,
Yet gratifies his taste,
Till all his vital powers decay,
And he draws near the dust.
- 17 The glutton sighs and lothes his meals,
His soul abhors to taste,
The weighty load which nature feels,
Would die to be released.

- 18 Then to the Lord the wretches fly,
To save them in their pain :
God hears their supplicating cry,
And gives them health again.
- 19 No drugs could heal their mortal strokes,
So gently and so sure,
The fatal sentence God revokes,
And sends his word to cure.
- 20 O let the saints with joy declare
The wonders of his grace,
His mighty works that marv'lous are,
Demands our noblest praise.

PART IV. C. M.

- 21 How mighty are the works of God,
How wonderful his ways,
Bold mariners his praise record,
Who navigate the seas.
- 22 They leave behind their native land,
And seek the gentle breeze,
Till tempests rise at his command,
And swell the mighty seas.
- 23 Now they ascend and touch the skies,
Now sink in deeps again,
Young sailors fear when billows rise,
And reel like drunken men.
- 24 When hope is gone and death draws nigh,
They seek his sovereign grace ;
His tender mercy hears their cry,
And saves them in distress.

- 25 The stormy wind and ocean's roar
Are still at his command;
The sailors now their fear give o'er,
And hail their native land.
- 26 O let the saints with joy declare
The wonders of his grace;
His mighty works that marv'lous are,
Demand our noblest praise.

LAST PART. C. M.

- 27 When men against God's laws transgress,
They feel his scourging hand;
He turns their fields to barrenness,
Dries rivers from their land.
- 28 At his command springs rise again,
The mountains green are made,
The clouds pour down refreshing rain,
And makes the desert glad.
- 29 Where beasts of prey had dwelt before,
Or wild men had their lair,
He bids the meek and humble poor
To build them cities there.
- 30 They plant the trees and sow the fields,
He gives them strength and grace;
Their race grows up and fruitful yields,
And makes their wealth increase.
- 31 But if they wander from his way,
And stray from his commands,
The heathen shall their princes slay,
Their foes invade their lands.

- 32 Their captive sons shall be opprest,
And none to mourn their fate ;
Their country shall become a waste,
Their fields lie desolate.
- 33 But if they humbly seek his face,
Their cities then shall thrive ;
Their flocks and families shall increase,
The churches then shall live.
- 34 The pious saints with joy proclaim
The goodness of his love ;
Let atheists no more blaspheme
The God that rules above.
- 35 And those who by his grace are wise,
And will these things record ;
Ev'n they shall have before their eyes
The kindness of the Lord.

PSALM 108. L. M.

- 1 MY heart is fixed, now I will praise
My sovereign Lord, my gracious King ;
Awake my tongue the song to raise,
And choicest off'rings daily bring.
- 2 With the dear children of his own,
And unto earth's remotest bound,
Glad songs of praise I will make known,
And spread his mighty wonders round.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the bright celestial frame ;
Thy truth and love be spread abroad,
And land to land thy deeds proclaim.

- 4 The humble saints shall then be glad,
And throng thy shining courts on high ;
While sinners are partakers made,
Of saving grace and heavenly joy.

PSALM 109. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, the God of all my praise,
Thy glory is my chief delight ;
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With angry words of hateful spite.
- 2 When Christ the sun of righteousness,
Was found on earth in human shape ;
What vile reproaches and disgrace
Continually on him they heap.
- 3 They for his love became his foes,
Yet still he labour'd for their peace ;
Their troubles his compassion moves,
They render ill for righteousness.
- 4 His foes with arms surround his head,
And hate him still without a cause ;
While for his murderers he prayed,
And blest his enemies on the cross.
- 5 And shall this lovely pattern shine,
So manifest before mine eyes ?
O give me, Lord, the gift divine
To love and bless mine enemies.
- 6 The Lord my God is on my side,
And in my great Redeemer's name,
I shall defeat their haughty pride,
Who love to slander and defame.

PSALM 110. C. M.

- 1 THUS spake the Father to the Son,
Ascend to my right hand,
Until I make thy foes a scorn,
And bow at thy command.
- 2 Thy word with royal power divine,
From Zion forth did go,
To warn traasgressors of their sin,
And lay vile rebels low.
- 3 The humble saints with willing minds,
Shall unto thee resort ;
Where holiness and beauty shines
Within thy sacred court.
- 4 O glorious day of gospel grace,
See what a retinue
Of humble converts that surpass
The drops of morning dew.

PART II. C. M.

- 5 The sovereign Lord of sea and land
Spake to his Son and swore ;
Thy priesthood shall forever stand,
And be exchanged no more.
- 6 Aaron must die and turn to dust,
But life alone is thine ;
To save all those who place their trust
On sovereign grace divine.
- 7 Melchisedec on earth was made
A king and priest divine ;

Jesus our heavenly priest shall plead,
Jesus our king shall reign.

8 Our sovereign Lord ascends his throne,
Where peace is ratified ;
By the obedience of the Son
The Father's satisfied.

9 His reign shall spread from sea to sea,
And lay the haughty low ;
The quick and dead then judge shall he,
And sink the proud in woe.

10 Though while he walks with mighty
power,
And tears drinks in the way ;
The dreadful sufferings which he bore,
Shall raise him near to thee.

PSALM 111. L. M.

1 UNTO the Lord who rules on high,
My choicest songs I will proclaim ;
My heart and tongue I will employ
To spread abroad his glorious fame.

2 His works, how wonderful they are,
How great to our astonished eyes,
And every age has sought with care,
His wonders with transporting joys.

3 How pleasing is his work of grace,
How splendid, glorious, and how pure,
And his untarnish'd righteousness,
Through endless ages shall endure.

- 4 When God redeemed his chosen race,
He sealed his cov'nant firm and fast,
The order of his sovereign grace,
Throughout eternal years shall last.
- 5 She spacious earth and shining skies,
And time and nature own their skill ;
We plead for grace to make us wise,
And learn to do thy heavenly will.
- 6 To fear thy great and holy name,
Is where true wisdom takes its rise ;
May we detest the work of shame,
And seek the place where wisdom lies.

* PART II. L. M.

- 7 His works how wonderful they are,
And they demand our noblest praise ;
Let his assembled saints prepare,
Their hearts and tongue to sing his
praise.
- 8 O'er all his works his mercies shine,
He gives his children daily bread ;
His cov'nant still he bears in mind,
And still the saints his promise plead.
- 9 Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His love forever shall endure ;
His only Son in due time came,
And sealed his promise firm and sure.
- 10 And those who would in wisdom grow,
Must fear and trust his power divine,
And he's the happiest here below
Who hates the work of shame and sin.

PSALM 112. L. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man that fears the Lord,
And in his statutes takes delight;
His children shall be eminent,
His house the seat of wealth and might.
- 2 His wants shall all be well supplied,
And posts of honour will obtain;
He gen'rous favours will impart,
And gives without recourse again.
- 3 His lib'ral mind with pity feels,
And to the needy does bestow,
His prudent ways guide his affairs,
And make him just to all below.
- 4 And while his hand relieves the poor,
He sows with joy his future bliss;
His name with gratitude shall live,
Green as the root that thrifty is.
- 5 His offspring shall become renowned,
Rich blessings shall attend their want;
When nature dies his seed shall live,
And flourish like the olive plant.
- 6 And when beset with dang'rous foes,
Firm and dauntless he stands his ground;
His conscience does him not accuse,
His courage all his hopes will crown.
- 7 The soul that's chaste and virtuous,
Shines bright when by afflictions tried,
And though while he in darkness sits,
A glorious light will be his guide.

- 8 Ill news shall not affect his mind,
His heart is fixed on God secure;
Though billows roar and tempests rise,
He's on a rock established sure.
- 9 His eyes with pleasure shall behold,
His base malicious foes cast down,
Their schemes in wild confusion lost,
And all their object overthrown.
- 10 His victory the wicked see,
And gnash their teeth in dread despair;
They found their projects all were vain,
And from their conscience fly with fear.
- 11 Hurled down to everlasting woe,
Their names are lost in darkness there,
Their actions and themselves consigned
To dreary night and keen despair.

PSALM 112. C. M.

- 1 THAT man shall prosper well and re t
Secure that fears the Lord,
His seed forever shall be blest
With a divine reward.
- 2 His house shall be a wealthy place
Of unexhausted gain,
And his untarnished righteousness
Forever shall remain.
- 3 With liberal hand his goods he shares
Among the indigent,
His prudent ways guides his affairs,
And thus supplies their want.

- 4 The poor and meek, with joy they own
His favours in distress,
His grateful name is handed down
To the next rising race.
- 5 His seed shall prosper well and thrive,
Nothing shall him remove,
When nature dies, his heirs shall live,
And will a blessing prove.
- 6 When slandering foes beset him round,
And deal with treachery,
Firm and unmoved he stands his ground,
And makes his enemies fly.
- 7 The man that's virtuous and chaste,
In deep distress shines bright,
And though with sore afflictions prest,
He sees a gleam of light.
- 8 Ill news will not affect his mind,
Nor need he be afraid,
When tempests rise he'll always find
That God will be his aid.
- 9 He sees their ill designs are crost,
And all their hopes are gone,
Their schemes in wild confusion lost,
And totally o'erthrown.
- 10 The wicked gnash their teeth in pain,
To see his victory,
They found their projects all were vain,
And from their conscience fly.

- 11 Hurl'd down to woe and black despair,
In misery to dwell,
To bear eternal vengeance there,
In the dark world of hell.

PSALM 113. C. M.

- 1 YE servants of the mighty Lord,
Your choicest anthems raise,
Let every age his love record,
And nations sound his praise.
- 2 Forever bless his name divine,
And magnify his grace,
From where the sun begins to shine,
To where he ends his race.
- 3 Far, far beyond the starry sky,
His throne of glory stands,
There is no power with him can vie,
Nor none can stay his hands.
- 4 Nor kings, nor messengers of light,
Can with their God compare,
His glories are supremely bright,
They uncreated are.
- 5 He bends to see, behold his love,
What men and angels do,
And from his glorious throne above,
He views all men below.
- 6 He from the dust the poor doth raise,
And sets them up on high,
Grants them the riches of his grace,
And sweet transporting joy.

- 7 The barren womb he makes rejoice,
When sinking in despair,
The mother now with thankful voice,
Receives a tender heir.
- 8 She now beholds her son with joy,
To save the dying name,
Adores the sovereign Lord on high,
And spreads abroad his fame.

PSALM 114 C. M.

- 1 WHEN Israel out of Egypt went,
And free from Pharaoh's frown,
They own their King with one consent,
And Judah was his throne.
- 2 Their journey lay beyond the sea,
The sea saw them and fled,
Jordan beheld them in array,
And rolls towards his head.
- 3 The mountains skip like frightened sheep,
The little hills retire,
Not Sinai on her base could keep,
When she beheld his ire.
- 4 What power did move the mighty deep,
Jordan why backward fled?
Ye little hills why did ye leap,
Why Sinai feel such dread?
- 5 Let mountains, hills, and swelling seas,
Tremble before the Lord;
The king of saints, see here he is,
Let earth adore his word.

- 6 The stony rock at his command,
Doth pools of water bring,
Flints spring with fountains from his
hand,
And own the sovereign King.

PSALM 115 C. M.

- 1 NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
Is praise and honour due,
But unto God, the wise, the just,
The merciful and true.
- 2 Thy power on earth, O Lord, display,
Nor let the heathen boast,
For in contempt to us they say,
Where is the God you trust.
- 3 The God we serve he rules on high,
And from his glorious throne,
He sees our wants and hears our cry,
On earth his will is done.
- 4 But the vain gods in whom they trust,
Are made of stone and wood ;
And but at best some golden dust,
They make into a god.
- 5 They form their head, their ears and eyes,
But neither see nor hear ;
Vain is their costly sacrifice,
And vain their daily prayer.
- 6 For they were never made to move,
Nor yet to give relief ;
And those who honour them with love,
Like them are blind and deaf.

- 7 O Israel, place your confidence
Upon the Lord alone;
The Lord will satisfy your wants,
And all your hopes will crown.
- 8 The dead no more can praise the Lord,
In silence they remain;
But we thy wonders will record,
And tell the world thy reign.

PSALM 116 L. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, he heard my voice,
And pitied me in sore distress;
I while I live when sorrows rise,
Will supplicate his throne of grace.
- 2 I bless'd the Lord, he bowed his ear,
And bid my pains and troubles cease;
My heart no more shall suffer fear,
While I can plead his promises.
- 3 My spirit failed, my strength declined,
And I drew near the silent dead;
The fears of hell perplexed my mind,
And all my joys and comforts fled.
- 4 Upon the name of God the Lord,
Then did I humbly call and say,
My God, thy help to me afford,
And be my joy, my hope and stay.
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
And chased away my pain and grief;
Return my soul unto thy rest,
For God has sent thee sweet relief.

- 6 My soul from trouble and from death,
His sovereign grace released hast;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
While time and thought, and being last.

PART II. L. M.

- 7 What shall I render to my God
For all his precious gifts to me;
My tongue shall spread thy praise abroad,
My songs I will address to thee.
- 8 With thy blest saints that 'tend thy court.
There will I offer thee my praise;
With joy I'll to thy house resort,
And pay my vows made in distress.
- 9 Mercy, O Lord, is thy delight,
And mercy is the sinner's plea;
How dear thy servants in thy sight,
Their death how precious, Lord to thee.
- 10 How blest thy servants are, O Lord,
Thy tender mercies, O how great;
My life which thou dost safely guard,
To thee alone I dedicate.
- 11 I on thy sovereign grace rely,
Nor will I change what I design;
My bands of pain thou didst untie,
And caused thy face on me to shine.
- 12 Here now within his holy place
I will make known his wondrous ways;
Witness ye saints if I transgress,
Or e'er forsake his sovereign grace.

PSALM 116. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, because my cries
And prayers he did hear ;
I while I live when troubles rise,
Will supplicate his care.
- 2 I blest the Lord, he bowed his ear,
And did me help afford ;
My heart no more shall suffer fear,
While I can praise the Lord.
- 3 My spirits failed, my strength declined,
And I drew near the dust ;
The fears of hell perplexed my mind,
And all my joys were lost.
- 4 My God, I cried with ev'ry breath,
Thy humble servant save ;
Thy power can rescue me from death,
Thy grace can me relieve.
- 5 Thine eye beheld me sore oppress,
And chased away my grief ;
Return my soul unto thy rest,
For thou hast found relief.
- 6 For my distressed soul from death,
His sovereign grace set free ;
Now to his praise while I have breath,
My time employed shall be.

PART II. C. M.

- 7 What shall I render to the Lord
For all his gifts to me ;
Thy loving kindness I'll record,
And pay my thanks to thee.

- 8 Within the courts of thine own house,
I'll praise thy sovereign grace,
And there will I perform my vows
I made when in distress.
- 9 Mercy, O Lord, is thy delight,
Offered to sinners free ;
Thy saints how precious in thy sight
Their blood how dear to thee.
- 10 How blest thy servants are, O Lord,
Thy love to me how great ;
My life which thou alone dost guard,
To thee I dedicate.
- 11 And now thy servant, Lord, am I,
Thy child, thy handmaid's son ;
My bands of pain thou didst untie,
And all my wishes crown.
- 12 Here in the courts of his own house,
I will make known his praise ;
Witness ye saints unto my vows,
If I forsake his ways.

PSALM 117. L. M.

- 1 O GIVE ye praise unto the Lord,
Ye tribes that dwell in ev'ry land,
Likewise ye saints with one accord
Proclaim the wonders of his hand.
- 2 O'er all the earth his mercy reigns,
His gracious love how large, how free ;
His truth forever firm remains,
Praise to the sovereign Lord give ye.

PSALM 117. C. M.

- 1 SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Each with a cheerful voice,
Proclaim the honour of his word,
And in his name rejoice.
- 2 Through ev'ry land his mercy reigns,
Come spread abroad his grace ;
His truth forever firm remains,
And shall endure always.

PSALM 117. S. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy name
Shall sound through ev'ry land ;
May ev'ry tongue with joy proclaim
The wonders of thy hand.
- 2 Thy mercies still are sure,
How great thy sovereign grace ;
Thy truth forever shall endure,
When time itself shall cease.

PSALM 118. L. M.

- 1 THE mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not yield nor be afraid,
Of all the haughty sons of pride,
Since my Redeemer is my aid.
- 2 'Tis better, Lord, in thee to trust,
And have my God for my defence,
Than hope in kings who are but dust,
Or place in them my confidence.

- 3 God is my strength, and in his name
I will be cheerful and rejoice ;
Since his salvation is my theme,
How pleasing is my tuneful voice.
- 4 Like bees they compass'd me about,
But fly when God appears in sight,
As crackling thorns that soon go out,
So all their hopes shall perish quite.
- 5 In dwellings of the humble saints,
Are heard the songs of melody ;
Let Israel sing immortal chants,
To him who rules the worlds on high.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 Thou hast beheld thy child in grief,
And saved him from the gloomy grave.
Thy servant shall not die, but live,
For God alone resolves to save.
- 2 Thy goodness all his hopes shall crown,
And praise shall still employ his breath ;
Thy mighty hand which brought him
down,
Shall still defend him safe from death.
- 3 O set ye open unto me,
The temple gates of righteousness,
The courts where saints their honours pay,
And tell the wonders of thy grace.
- 4 There with the saints within thy house,
We'll render thanks unto thy name,
There we will pay our solemn vows,
And there thy wondrous love proclaim.

PART III. L. M.

That stone is made head corner stone,
Which Jewish builders cast aside ;
Yet God has built his house thereon,
And there with saints he will abide.

Now blest is he in God's great name,
Who comes to save a sinful race ;
Sinners may safely trust in him,
Nor shall their hopes meet with disgrace.

The foolish elders and the priest,
With scorn reject the offer'd grace ;
Yet Zion on this rock shall rest,
In spite of all the wicked race.

Though powers of earth and hell withstand,
This glorious edifice must rise ;
It is the work of thine own hand,
And truly marv'lous in our eyes.

PART IV. L. M.

This is the day our Saviour made,
Exalted be his glorious name ;
Let heaven and earth, and seas be glad,
And each his wondrous love proclaim.

This is the day our Saviour rose,
And left the mansions of the dead ;
To-day his saints his love disclose,
And all his glorious triumphs spread.

- 3 Loud hallelujahs to the prince,
To Christ our king, th' anointed Son ;
Save us, O Lord, and send thy saints
Rich blessings from thy glorious throne.
- 4 Now blest is he in God's great name,
Who comes to us with news of peace ;
Let ev'ry land his love proclaim,
And spread abroad his saving grace.
- 5 O let hosannas to the Lord
Be sung on earth in sweetest strains ;
Ye angels sound your highest chord,
And praise your sovereign where he
reigns.

PSALM 118. S. M.

- 1 SEE what a stone the Jews
Rejected with disdain ;
Yet God thereon has built his house,
And placed his name within.
- 2 The elders and the priest
Refuse thine offer'd grace ;
Yet on this stone thy church shall rest
In spite of the vile race.
- 3 The work is thine alone,
And marv'lous in our eyes ;
To day our songs address thy throne,
Accept our sacrifice.
- 4 This sacred day of rest,
Our dear Redeemer made ;

Let heaven and earth pronounce him blest,
And let his saints be glad.

5 All glory to the Prince,
To David's royal Son ;
He comes to bring his humble saints
Salvation from his throne.

6 The sacred word we bless,
Which all this love makes known,
And offer thee our songs of praise,
For all thy kindness shown.

PSALM 118. C. M.

1 SEE what a living stone the Jews
Rejected with disdain ;
Yet God thereon has built his house,
In spite of wicked men.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine alone,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
To-day the saints thy praise make known,
And pay their sacrifice.

3 This is the day our Saviour made,
Come bless his holy name ;
Let glorious honours crown his head,
And nations spread his fame.

4 O bless the Lord, he comes to bring
Glad tidings to our race ;
Let the whole earth his praises sing,
With hearts of thankfulness.

PSALM 119. L. M.

Verse 1, 2, 3.

BLESS'D are the undefiled and clean,
Whose ways are honest and upright ;
Who never take thy name in vain,
But learn thy precepts with delight.

2.

Bless'd are the men who are inclined
To keep thy testimonies, Lord ;
Who seek thy face with all their mind,
And walk according to thy word.

3. *Verse 165.*

Bless'd are the men who keep thy law,
On well establish'd ground they stand ;
Nor can afflictions ever draw
Their steady feet from thy command,

4. *Verse 6.*

My heart shall then enjoy great peace,
From shame my face shall be kept free,
When I have learned thy pleasant ways,
And all thy statutes I obey.

5. *Verse 21, 118.*

But the vile race thou wilt despise,
The haughty proud, accursed shall die ;
The sons of treachery and lies
Shall from thy glorious presence fly.

6. *Verse 119, 155.*

Like filthy dross are wicked men,
And all the vain, deceitful race,
Shall see salvation far from them,
But never shall enjoy thy peace.

PSALM 119. SECOND PART. L. M.

Verse 147, 55.

TO thee my sovereign Lord I'll pray,
Before the morning dawns for light;
I'll keep thy holy laws by day,
And meditate thy truths by night.

2. *Verse 81.*

My soul for thy salvation faints,
Thy promise cheers my sinking hope;
While for thy grace my spirit pants,
Thy word alone is my sure prop.

3. *Verse 164.*

Seven times a day I will express
The gratitude I owe to thee;
Thy tender care and sovereign grace,
Demands repeated praise from me.

4. *Verse 62.*

And in the seasons of the night
I'll think upon thy wondrous ways,
I'll make thy precepts my delight,
My joy, my comfort and my peace.

PSALM 119. THIRD PART. L. M.

Verse 57, 60.

THOU my sure portion art, O Lord,
Soon as I learn thy righteous way,
I yield obedience to thy word,
Nor will I grant the least delay.

2. Verse 31, 14.

I chosen have the perfect way
Of justice, truth and righteousness ;
Not all the wealth of land and sea,
Could give to me such joy and peace.

3.

Thy testimonies are my choice,
I keep them always in my sight,
They are the spring of all my joys,
My hope, my comfort and delight.

4. Verse 59.

Whene'er I stray from thy commands
I think upon my former ways,
Then speedily my feet I turn,
And trust alone thy sovereign grace.

5. Verse 91, 112.

Now with devotion I am thine,
For I have sought thy precepts, Lord ;
Thou art my rock and my defence,
My hope alone is in thy word.

6. *Verse 112.*

This heart of mine thou hast inclined
Thy testimonies to obey,
And while I live I am resolved
To keep thy statutes every day.

PSALM 119. FOURTH PART. L. M.

Verse 9.

BY what means shall the young secure
And guard their actions lest they stray ?
Thy word's the only rule that's pure,
That teaches them the perfect way.

2. *Verse 130.*

The entrance of thy word gives light,
Adorns and beautifies the mind,
And humble souls that walk upright,
Shall wisdom and instruction find.

3. *Verse 105.*

'Tis like the blazing orb of day,
Which daily shines and gives us light,
And as a lamp to guide our way
When darkness shrouds the gloomy
night.

4. *Verse 99, 100.*

The men that meditate thy word,
And keep thy holy laws with care,
Know better how to serve the Lord,
And wiser than their teachers are.

5. *Verse* 104, 113.

I through thy precepts wisdom get,
But sinners' ways I do despise ;
My own vain thoughts that rise I hate,
But in thy law I do rejoice.

6. *Verse* 89, 90, 91.

The heavens, O Lord, thy law obey,
The earth on her foundation stand,
And these, thy servants, night and day
Own and confess thy mighty hand.

7.

Thy holy law, O Lord, is pure,
Thy Gospel precepts are divine ;
Not the firm earth is so secure,
Nor twinkling stars so brilliant shine.

8. *Verse* 190, 140, 9, 12.

Thy word is truth and righteousness,
And every line is very pure ;
That perfect book shall guide my ways,
And will my happiness secure.

PSALM 119. FIFTH PART. L. M.

Verse 97.

O HOW I love thy law, it is
My meditation all the day,
'Tis my sweet comfort and my peace,
And guides me in the perfect way.

2. *Verse 148.*

Mine eyes did timeously prevent
The silent watches of the night ;
I for thy holy precepts faint,
They are my joy and my delight.

3. *Verse 3, 13, 54.*

Thy gracious words are words of truth,
Thy praise shall still engage my tongue,
And in my pilgrimage on earth,
Produces me a heavenly song.

4. *Verse 19, 103.*

Am I a stranger here below,
It is my joy, my sweet repast,
Not honey to my mouth could so
Invite, or tempt, or please my taste.

5. *Verse 72, 127.*

The words that cometh from thy mouth
Shall entertain my fancy more
Than all the riches of the earth,
Or shining heaps of golden ore.

6. *Verse 28, 49, 175.*

When spirits droop and faint away,
The promise in thy holy word
Is my sure hope, my only stay,
And there I will thy praise record.

PSALM 119. SIXTH PART. L. M.

Verse 128.

IN thy commandments I delight,
And all thy statutes I esteem,
Thence I maintain a steady fight
With flatt'ring lust, and sin and shame.

2. *Verse 97, 9.*

I firmly have resolved, O Lord,
To keep thy statutes carefully,
To meditate thy sacred word
And guard my actions lest I stray.

3. *Verse 62.*

In seasons of the night I'll rise
To praise thy holy name with joy,
And in the day I'll send my cries
Up to thy throne of grace on high.

4. *Verse 162.*

And when I shall enjoy my fill
From the rich treasure of thy word,
Not victors who divide the spoil
Can claim such joys as my reward.

PSALM 119. SEVENTH PART. L. M.

96th Verse, paraphrased.

LET the whole pagan world unite,
And try to form a book divine ;
Great God, how trifling and how light
Their writings are, compared to thine.

2.

Not the best standards they possess
Can show the pardon of one sin,
Nor teach the way of truth and grace,
But thine is heavenly and divine.

3.

Yet have I seen an end of all
Perfection here on earth below,
Our feeble powers, how short they fall,
Nor past frail nature can we go.

4.

But men by work of their own hands
Would justice fondly plead with God ;
But O how broad are thy commands,
And reaches forth to every thought.

5.

Here in this life we cannot boast,
Since sin pollutes our mortal frame ;
Our moral excellence is lost,
And sunk in infamy and shame.

6.

Our works and faith, and songs of praise,
Fall far beneath thy tender love,
But pure and perfect righteousness
Belongs alone to God above.

PSALM 119. EIGHTH PART. L. M.

111th Verse, paraphrased.

THE testimonies of thy grace
Above all things I have made choice,
They are my comfort in distress,
And with delight my heart rejoice.

2.

The events of thy love I read,
And still thy laws I keep in sight,
Thy promises I love to plead,
They are my pleasure and delight.

3.

'Tis a pure land of heavenly bliss
Where seeds of happiness are sown,
There springs of life and light arise,
And sweet celestial joys unknown.

4.

It mitigates the mourner's cries,
And makes our pain and sorrow cease :
It is our hope beyond the skies,
Our sure and our eternal peace.

PSALM 119. NINTH PART. L. M.

Verse 64, 68, 18.

O LORD, thy mercies fill the earth,
Thy splendid works how bright they
shine ;

Open mine eyes to read thy truth,
And meditate thy word divine.

2. *Verse 73, 125.*

Thine hands have made and fashioned me,
My service is thy just reward;
O make thy servant to obey
And understand thy precepts, Lord.

3. *Verse 19.*

Since I'm a stranger here on earth,
Hide not from me thy just command,
But guide my feet in the right path,
And hold me up with thy right hand.

4. *Verse 26.*

My ways I have to thee declared,
And thou didst hear my weeping cries;
Grant me thy grace, be thou my guard,
And keep me free from every vice.

5. *Verse 33, 34.*

O lead me in the perfect way,
And heavenly grace to me afford,
Then I'll employ my time for thee,
And rule my action by thy word.

6. *Verse 50, 71.*

This was my joy and comfort, Lord,
When I was suffering pain and grief,
It made me search thy holy word,
When instantly I found relief.

7. *Verse 51.*

The proud did greatly me deride,
But still I kept thy laws in sight,
Nor from thy precepts did I slide,
They were my joy and my delight.

8. *Verse 27, 171.*

Make me to understand thy will,
Then to the world I'll teach thy ways,
My tuneful lips with cheerful zeal
Shall sing my blest Redeemer's praise.

PSALM 119. TENTH PART. L. M.

Verse 38, 49.

LOOK on thy humble servants, Lord,
Whose confidence in thee is placed,
And ratify to me thy word,
For there my joys and comforts rest.

2. *Verse 41, 58, 107.*

Thy blessed Son thou hast sent down,
And quick'ning grace hast promised free,
My heart thy tender mercies own,
Then why detain thy love to me.

3. *Verse 123, 42.*

Mine eyes for thy salvation long,
O keep me from the wicked race,
Nor let me be the scoffer's song,
Who would reproach my hope in grace.

4. *Verse 49, 74.*

On thy sweet promises I rest,
Then let thy truth appear to me ;
The saints in thee are truly blest,
And place their hope alone in thee.

PSALM 119. ELEVENTH PART. L. M.

Verse 5, 33.

O THAT the Lord would grant me grace
To keep his laws and walk upright ;
O that my God would guide my ways,
To do his pleasure with delight.

2. *Verse 29.*

O send thy Spirit from the skies
To seal instruction on my heart,
Nor let me dare indulge in lies,
Nor act the wicked rebel's part.

3. *Verse 37, 36.*

Turn thou away my sight and eyes
From worldly honours, joys and gain,
Nor let vile thoughts within me rise,
But keep my conscience pure and clean,

4. *Verse 133.*

Sustain my footsteps by thy word,
And thy commands make me obey ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But lead me in the perfect way.

5. *Verse 176.*

From thy commands that perfect are,
My heart and mind too often stray,
Yet since my Saviour's mark I bear,
Restore thy sheep and guide my way.

6. *Verse 35.*

In thy good path make me to go,
And bow my will with joy to thee,
Nor let my ways, while here below,
Offend thy sovereign majesty.

PSALM 119. TWELFTH PART. L. M.

Verse 150.

CONSIDER thou my grief and pain,
O Lord, I humbly thee entreat;
Though 'gainst thy grace I daily sin,
Yet I thy laws do not forget.

2. *Verse 39, 116.*

Turn thou away my sharp reproach,
For good thy righteous judgments are;
Be thou my guard, my guide, my hope,
Nor let my sin and guilt appear.

3. *Verse 122, 135.*

Be thou my surety ever nigh,
And keep me from the haughty race;
But make thy servant see with joy
The glorious shinings of thy face.

4. *Verse 81.*

My soul for thy salvation faints,
My longing eyes fail for thy word ;
O may my grace supply thy wants,
And ev'ry joy to me afford.

5. *Verse 132.*

Be thou my aid when in distress,
And show thy tender love to them,
That trust alone thy sovereign grace,
And love thy holy blessed name.

PSALM 119. THIRTEENTH PART. L. M.

Verse 10.

I'VE sought the Lord with all my heart,
O guard me safely lest I stray ;
Nor let me from the truth depart,
Nor wander in the sinner's way.

2. *Verse 11.*

Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I might form my actions right,
To rule my life and be my guide,
My joy, my hope, and my delight.

3. *Verse 63, 53, 158.*

I'm a companion of all those
Who fear and trust thy holy name ;
While wicked men transgress thy laws,
And do thy sacred word blaspheme.

4. *Verse 161, 163.*

When sinners 'gainst thy gospel rise,
In solemn awe my spirit stands,
A lying tongue I do despise,
But I delight in thy commands.

5. *Verse 161, 120.*

With child-like reverence I hear
The declarations of thy word ;
With trembling and with awe I fear,
The righteous judgments of the Lord.

6. *Verse 166, 174.*

I long, I hope, and still rely
On thy salvation, O my God ;
While thy commands are all my joy,
And rule my actions by thy word.

PSALM 119. FOURTEENTH PART. L. M.

Verse 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER my afflictions, Lord,
For thy commandments I believe ;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will thy mercy me relieve.

2. *Verse 71.*

Yet I do find 'tis good for me
To suffer sorrow, grief, and fear ;
Afflictions draw me near to thee,
And make me learn thy laws with care.

3. *Verse 50.*

This was my comfort and my peace,
It made me live when dead in sin,
It made me walk in thy commands,
And hate these former ways of mine.

4. *Verse 92.*

Unless in thy most perfect law,
My soul had joy and comfort found,
With sorrow's weight I should have sunk,
When my afflictions did abound.

5. *Verse 75.*

Thy judgments, Lord, I know are right,
I do thy righteousness confess,
And that thou hast afflicted me,
In tender love and faithfulness.

6. *Verse 67.*

Before I suffered pain and grief,
I often wander'd from thy ways;
But now I keep thy sacred word,
And trust alone thy sovereign grace.

PSALM 119. FIFTEENTH PART. L. M.

Verse 93.

O THAT the precepts of thy grace,
Might constantly with me remain;
Thence I derive my daily peace,
And quick'ning blessings I obtain.

2. *Verse 15, 16.*

Thy laws I will before me set,
And make thy precepts my delight ;
Thy holy word I'll not forget,
But keep thy statutes day and night.

3. *Verse 32.*

Thy high commands make me obey,
And may thy grace my heart enlarge,
From sin and Satan keep me free,
And ev'ry hateful sin discharge.

4. *Verse 13, 46.*

My tongue with boldness shall make
known
Thy judgments and thy statutes, Lord,
Nor will I fear, though kings should
frown,
To speak the glories of thy word.

5. *Verse 61, 69, 70.*

Bands of malicious men may rise,
To rob me of my lawful claim,
And let the wicked forge their lies,
Thy holy law is all my theme.

6. *Verse 115.*

Depart from me, ye liars all,
Who love to work iniquity ;
I love my God, on him I call,
And must his sovereign will obey.

PSALM 119. SIXTEENTH PART. L. M.

Verse 25, 37.

MY soul is wedded to the clay,
O give me heavenly grace divine,
And turn my sight and eyes away
From ev'ry bold presumptuous sin.

2.

Grant me thy love, O gracious God,
And keep me safely in thy hands,
Lest I should loiter on the road,
And turn my feet from thy commands.

3. *Verse 107.*

When grief and sore distress I bear,
I need thy power of quick'ning grace,
Thy word, which is my only care,
Shall guide me safely in thy ways.

4. *Verse 156, 40.*

O Lord, how great and manifold
Thy tender mercies are to me,
And may thy grace still me uphold,
To run with joy the heavenly way.

5. *Verse 159, 40.*

Thy holy law is my delight,
I yield obedience to thy ways,
With longing eyes I humbly wait,
For the quick'ning power of thy grace.

6. *Verse 93.*

Thy gospel precepts Lord I hear,
And I shall ne'er thy word forget,
When I shall feel its influence move,
And in thy joys participate.

PSALM 119. SEVENTEENTH PART. C. M.

Verse 143, 28.

LORD, when I suffer sore distress,
My hope is in thy word ;
My soul doth melt for heaviness,
O do thou strength afford.

2. *Verse 51, 69, 110.*

The proud and haughty forge their lies,
And daily me molest,
While my destruction they devise,
But in thy word I trust.

3. *Verse 161, 78.*

O clothe them with perpetual shame,
For they, without a cause,
Their sland'ring lies 'gainst me proclaim,
Because I love thy laws.

PSALM 119. EIGHTEENTH PART. C. M.

Verse 67, 59.

MY God, thy holy name I'll bless,
Thy chastisements how kind,
That humbly made me seek thy face,
With all my heart and mind.

2.

Before my mind afflicted was,
I wander'd from thy way,
But now I love to keep thy laws,
And thy commands obey.

3. *Verse 71.*

'Tis good for me to bear thy stroke,
For sin would soon appear,
To suffer Lord thy kind rebuke,
And learn thy laws with care.

4. *Verse 72.*

The word that cometh from thy mouth,
Shall entertain me more
Than all the riches of the earth,
Or heaps of golden ore.

5. *Verse 73.*

Thy hands have made and fashion'd me,
Thy spirit formed my soul;
Teach me thy truth, make me obey,
And all my ways control.

6. *Verse 74.*

The men that fear thy holy name,
Shall in thy word be glad;
Thy goodness, Lord, I will proclaim,
And still thy mercies plead.

PSALM 120. L. M.

O LORD my God of righteousness,
In pity see my suff'ring wrongs,

- And set me free from the distress
Of lying lips and guileful tongue s.
- 2 My brightest days in grief I spend,
Amongst a false malicious race ;
Whose bloody quarrels never end,
And poison all my joy and peace.
- 3 O could I from this place remove,
Then would I choose, for my retreat,
Some lonely barren spot to rove,
And leave these tents of sly deceit.
- 4 For peace and unity I pray,
How amiable their charms appear ;
But when I speak they 're in array,
And all at once proclaim for war.
- 5 Mischievous passions big with death,
Delight their souls in deeds of wrong ;
What shall be done to check thy wrath,
O thou deceitful, sland'ring tongue.
- 6 Should sudden vengeance size thy breath,
Heaven would approve thine overthrow ;
But I would spare the wretch from death,
And melt with love my mortal foe.

PSALM 121. C. M.

- 1 UP to the heavens I lift mine eyes,
From there is all mine aid,
The God that built the lofty skies,
And earth's foundation laid.

- 2 He lives, the God of sovereign grace,
And rules the worlds above,
The earth and seas his power confess,
And all therein that move.
- 3 Their steady feet shall never slide
Whom he supports with care,
God is their keeper and their guide,
To save when trouble's near.
- 4 His wakeful eye that never sleeps,
Will Israel safely guard;
Israel rejoice, the Lord thee keeps,
And will thee help afford.
- 5 No sun by day thy head shall smite,
Nor moon with sickly ray,
He guards thy health from damps at night,
And scorching heats by day.
- 6 He keeps thee from the fowler's snare,
Thou still shalt go and come,
The Lord himself will be thy care
Till he shall call thee home.

PSALM 122. L. M.

- 1 HOW happy and how pleased I was.
To hear my friends with rev'rence say,
Let us attend his sacred house,
And there perform our vows to-day.
- 2 Her gates, how beautiful they are,
Her walls of strength the saints embrace,

And standing like a palace fair,
To show the order of his grace.

3 Up to the consecrated hill
The holy tribes with joy resort ;
There David's son delights to dwell,
And sits in judgment in his court.

4 He bids the humble saints rejoice,
But treads the rebels in the dust,
His terrible and awful voice
Divides the wicked from the just.

5 Therefore I pray that rest and peace
May still within her walls remain,
And ever may her palaces
Prosperity and joy retain.

6 While I have life and breath from God,
My soul shall pray for Zion still ;
There my best friends have their abode,
There Christ my Saviour loves to dwell.

PSALM 123. C. M.

1 O THOU who in the heavens dost reign,
To thee we lift our eyes,
O let thy mercy ease our pain,
And bid our hopes to rise.

2 As servants fear a sharp rebuke,
And watch their master's hand,
Or maids wait for a smiling look
Before their mistress stand ;

- 3 So for our num'rous sins we fear
A merited reproof,
Yet wait with patience till we hear
Thy pard'ning voice of love.
- 4 Those wicked men who live in ease
Deride our daily cries,
And while thy mercy long delays,
It magnifies their joys.
- 5 Our deadly foes that 'gainst us rise,
Shall fall beneath thy sword,
This thought will make our souls rejoice
That God will help afford.

PSALM 124. L. M.

- 1 HAD not the Lord our cause maintained
When wicked men against us rose,
Had not our Saviour been our friend
And conquered all our haughty foes ;
- 2 Their troops much like a 'whelming flood
Had deluged the defenceless land,
Had swallowed up the church of God,
And crush'd our weak and feeble band.
- 3 But we are safe beneath his wings,
There may his children rest secure,
Defy the force of haughty kings
With all their pomp and slavish power.
- 4 Now blessed be the Lord our God
Who broke the spiteful en'mies' snare,
Who saved his land, his blest abode,
And made his church his special care.

- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who made the glorious worlds on high,
And he whose power upholds the same,
Will guard his church, his only joy.

PSALM 125. L. M.

- 1 THEY in the Lord that do confide
Stand firm as mountains on their base,
Firm and unmoved they shall abide
That trust alone on sovereign grace.
- 2 As walls and hills that did surround
The city where his glory shone,
So are his guardian arms around
The children that he loves to own.
- 3 While reprobates a scourge do prove,
To drive the saints home to their God,
His tender mercy and his love
Will mitigate the chast'ning rod.
- 4 Deal in compassion, Lord, with those
Whose hearts are faithful and sincere,
Who walk according to thy laws,
And worship in thy courts with fear.
- 5 The proud and haughty tyrant's rage
Shall not oppress the saints too long,
God will his children's cause engage,
And save them from the sland'ring
tongue.
- 6 But those that turn from the right path,
And choose the way of slavish fear,
Can but expect to meet his wrath
With hypocrites in black despair.

PSALM 126. C. M.

- 1 WHEN God made known his saving
 grace,
 And changed our captive state,
How pleasing was our sweet release,
 Our joy appeared so great.
- 2 The scorner saw the happy change,
 And owns thy power alone,
While we thy glorious praise proclaim
 In songs before unknown.
- 3 Our gloomy fears we oft review'd,
 But fear has left us now ;
Our cheeks with sorrow's tears bedew'd
 With joy like rivers flow.
- 4 Let suffering saints who sow in tears,
 For a rich harvest wait,
They with triumphant shouts and cheers
 Shall own their sheaves are great.

PSALM 127. C. M.

- 1 EXCEPT the Lord the building bless,
 The builders lose their pain,
And towns without his guardian care
 Employ a watch in vain.
- 2 Though should we rise at dawn of day,
 And work till stars appear,
Eat sparingly our daily food,
 And feast on worldly care :

- 3 'Tis all in vain until the Lord
His grace to us dispense;
On him our hope depends alone
For children and for friends.
- 4 Blest is the man to whom he gives
Such friends and kindred dear,
How sweet the comfort he receives
When seasoned with his care.

PSALM 128. L. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man that fears the Lord,
And walks with rev'rence in his ways,
Who yields obedience to his word,
And with delight his law obeys.
- 2 The Lord himself will be thy shield,
And keep thee safe from every foe,
Will crown the labours of thy field,
And every needful gift bestow.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine,
Thy children round thy table placed,
Each like a plant of gen'rous kind,
And on the Lord their hopes shall rest.
- 4 The Lord from ill will thee defend,
Will be thy hope, thine only stay,
The Lord shall out of Zion send
Rich heavenly blessings unto thee.
- 5 This is the man whose eyes shall see
The comforts of his rising race,
The churches in prosperity,
Then from the world depart in peace.

PSALM 129. L. M.

- 1 OFT they assailed my youthful years,
Thus pious Israel did complain;
My weary days I spent in tears,
My tedious nights in grief and pain.
- 2 Oft from my youth I bore the spite
And malice of the wicked race,
My riper years they did deride,
But God preserved me by his grace.
- 3 The cutters cut upon my back,
And deep afflicting wounds impress,
My weary mind with grief they rack,
Nor let my troubles ever cease.
- 4 The sovereign Lord without delay,
From his imperial throne on high,
Their deeds of wrong he did survey,
Then let his glitt'ring arrows fly.
- 5 How were they smitten with dismay
When they beheld his awful frown,
With fear and dread they prostrate lay,
And all their hopes were trodden down.
- 6 Thus will he make his vengeance known
On wicked men that hate the saints,
Their schemes of vice are overthrown,
And all their pompous courage faints.
- 7 What though in riches they increase,
They have no hope wherein to trust,
Their growth will sink them in disgrace,
And lie at last despised in dust.

- 8 As corn on the house-top that stands,
No prospect of production gives,
No, not enough to fill his hands,
Nor can the reaper bind his sheaves.

PSALM 130. C. M.

- 1 TO thee I cry in my distress,
And trust thy sovereign hand,
If thou shouldst mark when we transgress,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 2 But thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Thou'rt ever good and kind,
Sinners to thee may safely fly,
And sweet acceptance find.
- 3 As guards that keep the night and wait
The morning light to see,
So stand I, Lord, before thy gate,
And long for none but thee.
- 4 My trust is in my Saviour's name,
His mercies still endure,
Let mourning saints his love proclaim,
And prove those mercies sure.
- 5 Great is his grace, his love is free,
Through Christ our Lord divine;
He guides our feet, he guards our way,
And pardons every sin.

PSALM 131. L. M.

- 1 IS pride concealed within my heart?
Search me, O God, and try my way;

Or do I from thy ways depart ?
Lord, I appeal alone to thee.

2 To thee I do my all resign,
And to thy sovereign will I yield,
Rest satisfied with thy design,
And quiet as a weaned child.

3 Upon the Lord let all the hope
Of his afflicted saints rely,
His sovereign grace will be their prop,
Their strength and their eternal joy.

PSALM 132. C. M.

1 WHERE shall we find an holy place,
A residence for God ;
A mansion for his sovereign grace
To dwell with flesh and blood ?

2 The God of Zion hath made choice
Of Zion's holy hill ;
Zion the seat of all his joys,
And where he loves to dwell.

3 Here, saith the Lord, I'll fix my throne,
And will forever reign ;
Here shall my sovereign grace be known,
My peace shall here remain.

4 Her food I'll greatly bless, her poor
With bread I'll satisfy,
And those who wait before my door,
I'll give abundantly.

- 5 Here clothed with truth and righteousness,
My priests shall be a light;
Not Aaron in his richest dress
So much allures the sight.
- 6 The saints with joy shall shout and sing,
Unable to contain;
The son of David, Zion's King,
Forever here shall reign.
- 7 As with a garment he will spread
Shame o'er his en'mies all;
But yet the crown that's on his head,
Upon him flourish shall.

PSALM 132. L. M.

- 1 NO sleep good David gave his eyes,
Nor would he visit his abode,
Until he found beneath the skies,
A mansion for the mighty God.
- 2 The Lord on Zion hill did set
His ark, and there he placed his name,
And thrice a year the nation met,
His glorious honours to proclaim.
- 3 This weary way no more we trace,
Nor do we wander far away;
But where thy people 'points a place,
There is God's house to praise and pray.
- 4 Arise, O King of righteousness,
And come within thy sacred gates;
The church, the glory of thy grace,
For thee with longing eyes she waits.

- 5 Enter with all thy charms, O Lord,
And make thy gifts and graces flow ;
All that the ark did once afford,
Could no such pleasing joys bestow.
- 6 Here mighty God receive our praise,
And let our vows to thee be paid ;
Here bless thy saints and guard their
ways,
And give the poor their daily bread.
- 7 Here let the bud of David's horn,
The Lord's anointed ever reign ;
Here let thy grace thy saints adorn,
And righteousness thy court maintain.
- 8 Here let him wear a splendid crown,
And as his glorious kingdom spreads,
New songs shall still adorn his throne,
And all his foes shall hide their heads.

PSALM 133. L. M.

- 1 SEE what a lovely pleasing sight,
Where friends and brethren do agree,
Where heart and hands and voice unite,
In bands of love and harmony.
- 2 Where Christ the king of righteousness,
To every saint his grace bestows ;
Where sweet contentment, joy and peace,
And heavenly blessings on them flows.
- 3 'Tis like the oil, the rich perfume,
Poured out on Aaron's sacred head ;

The pleasing odour fill'd the room,
And o'er his priestly garments spread.

- 4 'Tis cheerful as the early dews,
Descending on the heavenly hills,
Where glorious blessings God bestows,
And all his promises fulfils.

PSALM 134. L. M.

- 1 O BLESS and magnify the Lord,
Ye servants that attend his house ;
Bow to the sceptre of his word,
And there perform your solemn vows.
- 2 Lift up your hands at morning dawn,
To praise his great exalted name ;
And in the night address his throne,
Whose tender care is still the same.
- 3 He cheers our hearts with quick'ning
grace,
And bids us come and taste his love,
The God that spreads the flowing seas,
And rules the splendid worlds above.

PSALM 135. C. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord and pay your vows,
And own his sovereign power,
Ye servants who stand in his house,
Or worship at his door.

- 2 O praise the Lord with cheerful voice,
For it is good to praise,
O Israel, children of his choice,
And people of his grace.
- 3 For God will judge his saints and bless
His people as his friends,
And when he sees their sore distress
Repents the ill he sends.
- 4 From age to age his name is known,
He breaks the tyrant's chain,
Gives suffering saints a glorious crown,
And heals their grief and pain.
- 5 He hears their praises and complaints,
His grace is ever nigh,
He ever dwells among his saints,
And Zion is his joy.

PSALM 135. PART 2. C. M.

- 6 GREAT is the Lord, he is supreme,
O'er every throne he reigns,
On earth he does what pleaseth him,
And works out his designs.
- 7 He speaks, and so dread tempests rise,
The pealing thunders roar,
The lightnings flash across the skies,
And rain in torrents pour.
- 8 He sent strange tokens in the midst
Of thee, O Egypt land,
Where the first born of man and beast
Fell dead at his command.

- 9 What wealthy nations and great kings
Were crushed beneath his stroke,
While his own people forth he brings,
From the Egyptian yoke.
- 10 His strong and his almighty hand
Is our sure hope and stay,
He gives us Canaan's happy land,
And drives our foes away.

PSALM 136. C. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, for he is good,
His mercy never fails,
And be the Lord of Lords adored,
His grace and truth prevails.
- 2 His works, how wonderful they be,
Made by his mighty hand,
The heavens, the air, the earth and sea,
Sprang forth at his command.
- 3 He framed the sun with dazzling rays
To cheer the day with light,
Likewise the moon and twinkling stars
To beautify the night.
- 4 The choice of Egypt land fell dead
At his divine command,
And he from thence his people led
With an almighty hand.
- 5 He cut in two the raging sea,
How glorious is his name ;
And for his people made a way,
His grace is still the same.

- 6 But Pharaoh drowned with all his host,
How righteous is the Lord,
And brought his tribes through desert
waste,
And be his name adored.
- 7 Great kings were slain at his command,
His arm is strong in might,
And gave his saints the promised land,
Here grace and love unite.
- 8 His pitying eye beheld the world
Reduced to misery,
And all the human race involved
In vile idolatry.
- 9 He sends his well-beloved Son
To save us from our woe,
His mighty arm our victory won,
And conquer'd every foe.
- 10 Give thanks to God, for he is good,
His mercy never fails,
And be the Lord of Lords adored,
His grace and truth prevails.

PSALM 136. P. M.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord most high,
The universal King,
The sovereign Lord of Lords,
And saints his honours sing.
Forever sure
His sacred word,
And mercies Lord,
Shall still endure.

- 2 How mighty are his works
Which own his power divine,
He made the earth and seas,
And starry heavens that shine.
Forever sure, &c.
- 3 He framed the sun alone
To cheer the day with light,
Also the moon and stars,
To beautify the night.
Forever sure, &c.
- 4 The first born sons he slew,
The choice of Egypt land,
And thence his people led
With an almighty hand.
Forever sure, &c.
- 5 The sea he cut in two,
How glorious are his ways,
And for his people made
A passage through the seas.
Forever sure, &c.
- 6 But Pharaoh and his host
He drowned beneath the waves,
And through the desert waste,
His people guides and saves.
Forever sure, &c.
- 7 He slew their haughty kings,
There's none can stay his hand,
And to his children gave
A title of their land.
Forever sure, &c.

- 8 His eye beheld the world
Sunk in idolatry,
And nations all involved
In sin and guilt did lie.
Forever sure, &c.
- 9 He sends his only Son
With messages of grace,
And saves us from our doom
Of woe and wretchedness.
Forever sure, &c.
- 10 O praise the Lord most high,
The universal King,
The sovereign Lord of Lords,
And saints his honours sing.
Forever sure, &c.

PSALM 137. C. M.

- 1 IN sore distress by Babel's stream,
Our captive mourners strayed,
When Zion in their mem'ry came,
Her sons had joined the dead.
- 2 The sacred harp which once we strung
To our Creator's praise,
Is now upon the willows hung,
And grief consumes our days.
- 3 The tyrants said with taunting tongue
A song of Zion sing,
Bid sacred melody be sung,
While they blaspheme our King.

- 4 But how can we in lands unknown
A song of Zion raise,
Since Salem is God's earthly throne,
The sacred mount for praise.
- 5 Salem, should I forget thy name,
Or slight thee in my heart,
Then let my tongue and my right hand
Forget to act their part.
- 6 When Zion prays the Lord will hear,
And make her enemies fly,
Will sink them down in keen despair,
And raise his people high.

PSALM 138. C. M.

- 1 MY God with all my heart and tongue
• To thee my notes I'll raise,
'Thine angels shall approve the song,
And join the solemn praise.
- 2 Angels that guard thy church on earth
Shall there behold my zeal,
While I direct mine eyes in faith
Up to the heavenly hill.
- 3 I'll sing thy faithfulness, O Lord,
While I have life and breath,
For thou hast magnified thy word
'Bove all thy works on earth.
- 4 I cried to God when suffering pain,
And he my griefs removed,
He did my inward fears restrain,
And strength to me bestowed.

- 5 The mighty God maintains his throne
And scorns the haughty race,
But he delights to bless and own
The children of his grace.
- 6 Though I in midst of trouble stand,
I am upheld by thee,
Thy strong and thy almighty hand
Is my support and stay.
- 7 Thy sovereign grace will perfect make
That which concerneth me,
Thine own hand's work thou'lt not
forsake,
Thy mercies last alway.

PSALM 139. L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thou hast me searched and
known,
Thy piercing eye sees and beholds
My rising up and sitting down,
And secrets of my heart unfolds.
- 2 My thoughts are spread before thy face
Before they do exist within,
And ere my tongue my words express
Thou know'st the sentence that I mean.
- 3 Enclosed within thy power I stand,
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
Where'er I am I find thy hand
Around about encircling me.

- 4 Thy knowledge is supremely great,
Thy boundary cannot be defined ;
Thy vast extent and lofty height
Is far beyond a finite mind.
- 5 O may my mind possess the thought,
Whene'er I stray or when sincere,
To guard my sins and let them not
Agree to rise, for God is there.
- 6 Should I prove faithless unto thee,
Disown thy ways and tender love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence flee,
Or from thy shining glory move.
- 7 If up to heaven I wing my way,
'Tis there thou reign'st in glorious light,
Or sink to hell, there dread dismay,
And terror fills the sons of night.
- 8 If on a radiant ray of light
I fly beyond where oceans roar,
Thy power which must support my flight,
Would there secure thy prisoner.
- 9 Or should I try thy sight to shun
When gloomy darkness veils the night,
Thy flaming eyes outshines the sun,
And turns the darkness into light.
- 10 O may my mind possess the thought
Whene'er I stray or when sincere,
To guard my sins and let them not
Agree to rise, for God is there.

- 11 The midnight darkness is no veil,
Nor no concealment from thine eyes,
Thy foes thou canst arrest as well
In midnight shades as noonday blaze.
- 12 The midnight shades, the noonday blaze,
To thee my God they 're both alike,
Hell unconcealed and naked lays
To thy all-seing, searching sight.
- 13 O may my mind possess the thought,
Whene'er I stray or when sincere,
To guard my sins and let them not
Agree to rise, for God is there.
- 14 My God, I own thy hand divine,
That formed and built my humble frame,
Thy wonders strangely in me shine,
And does thy power and skill proclaim.
- 15 Thine eyes did on my substance look,
Which yet did indistinctly lay,
And from the model of thy book,
Thou all my members didst survey.
- 16 Thy wisdom named each growing part,
In thy wise counsel, which must stand,
My lungs that breathe and beating heart
Were made by thine unerring hand.
- 17 Then at the last blest be his name,
He on my frame his image signed,
And when the time appointed came,
He joined my members to my mind.

- 18 Then flowed the young and tender thought
In man in all its various ways;
Our infant nature, mighty God,
Will pay new tribute to thy praise.
- 19 My God, I owe my all to thee,
Since travelling through life's busy
state,
Thy precious thoughts of love to me,
Surpass numbers to calculate.
- 20 I could survey both sea and land,
And count the sands that spread the
shore;
Before my active powers could find,
Or count thy numerous mercies o'er.
- 21 Impress these thoughts still on my mind,
Then with these thoughts mine eyes
shall rest,
And when I wake, Lord, may I find
Thy loving kindness has me blest.

PSALM 139. THIRD PART. L. M.

- 22 WHAT inward sorrows do I feel,
When wicked men grow bold in sin,
They violate thy sacred will,
And take thy holy name in vain.
- 23 I do abhor, detest and hate,
The false, malicious sons of hell,
Who break thy laws, deal in deceit,
They in my presence shall not dwell.

- 24 O search me, Lord, and try each thought,
As I have shunn'd the paths of vice,
And since my heart condemns me not,
Then test my virtue with thine eyes.
- 25 Does secret harm lay in my breast,
Or do I cherish unknown crime;
My wandering feet do thou arrest,
And lead me in those ways of thine.

PSALM 139. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, thou hast me searched and
known,
Thy piercing eye surveys
My rising up and sitting down,
And all my secret ways.
- 2 My thoughts are known unto the Lord,
Before they are my own;
And ere my lips express a word,
To him it is well known.
- 3 Behind, before, beneath, above,
I in thy presence stand,
Where'er I stay, where'er I rove,
I'm governed by thine hand.
- 4 Thy knowledge is supremely great,
And boundless is thy space;
Thy vast extent and lofty height,
No finite mind can trace.

- 5 O may my heart these thoughts possess,
Nor let my passions dare
Indulge in acts of wickedness,
For God is present there.
- 6 Should I through vain and haughty pride
Disown thy tender love,
Where could I from thy presence hide,
Or from thy glory move.
- 7 If I ascend to heaven's domains,
Thou dwell'st in glory there;
Or sink to hell, there terror reigns,
O'er rebels in despair.
- 8 If on a morning ray of light,
I fly beyond the sea;
Thy power which must support my flight,
Would there take hold of me.
- 9 Or should I on the night rely,
To hide me from thy sight,
One glance of thy all seeing eye
Would make the darkness light.
- 10 O may my heart these thoughts possess,
Nor let my passions dare
Indulge in acts of wickedness,
For God is present there.
- 11 The gloomy night is no disguise,
Nor covering from thy sight;
Thy foes thou canst as quickly seize
In darknes as in light.

- 12 The midnight shades, the noonday skies,
Are both alike to thee ;
Then let me not thy power despise,
Which still incloses me.
- 13 O may my heart these thoughts possess,
Nor let my passions dare
Indulge in acts of wickedness,
For God is present there.
- 14 My God, I own thy hand divine,
That built my humble clay,
Thy mighty wonders in me shine,
Which does thy skill display.
- 15 Thine eyes did on my substance look.
Which were imperfect yet,
And from the model of thy book,
My members were all writ.
- 16 Thy wisdom framed each growing part,
In counsel which must stand ;
My lungs that breathe, and beating heart,
Were copied by thine hand.
- 17 Thy glories are divinely bright,
My flesh makes known thy praise :
Lord to thy nature's work unite .
The wonders of thy grace.
- 18 The earth, and seas, and skies display,
Thy mighty power and skill ;
But when I view myself I see
More fearful wonders still.

- 19 Since trav'ling through life's busy state,
I owe my all to thee,
Thy thoughts of love to me how great,
And numberless they be.
- 20 I could survey the spacious seas,
And count the sand on shore,
Before my intellect could trace,
Or count thy mercies o'er.
- 21 Impress these thoughts for mercy sake,
Still on my mind alway ;
Then in the morning when I wake,
I satisfied shall be.

PART III. C. M.

- 22 What inward troubles break my heart,
When men grow bold in sin,
They from thy sacred laws depart,
And take thy name in vain.
- 23 O Lord, I do abhor all those
That hatred bear to thee,
And rebels that despise thy laws,
Are enemies to me.
- 24 Search me, O God, and try each thought,
As I am free from vice ;
And since my heart condemns me not,
Then test me with thine eyes.
- 25 Does secret harm within me lay,
And I transgress thy laws ;
O teach me, Lord, the perfect way,
And lead me in thy paths.

PSALM 140. L. M.

- 1 SHIELD us, O Lord, from wicked men,
See our affliction and distress ;
We on thine arm depend alone
To conquer all our enemies.
- 2 Like adder's poison on their tongues,
Their mouths are filled with words of
spite,
While raging malice in them burns,
And murder is their chief delight.
- 3 Protect us still, and guard our way,
When such vile foes our rights invade,
Be though our strength, our only stay,
Our constant and perpetual aid.
- 4 Before thee, Lord, let falsehood flee,
And spread thy truth and righteousness,
May nations place their hope in thee,
And trust alone thy sovereign grace.
- 5 The cause of injured saints maintain,
Bestow the poor their daily bread ;
And may thy saints in glory reign,
With Jesus Christ their sovereign head.

PSALM 141. C. M.

- 1 MY God, receive my morning praise,
To thee I pay my vows ;
And let my nightly sacrifice
Be offered in thine house.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips and keep them free
From language light and vain,
Nor let me tread the sinner's way,
That leads to endless pain.
- 3 Let righteous people me reprove,
Whene'er I go astray ;
Rebukes from their fraternal love,
Is precious oil to me.
- 4 Relieve them, Lord, when in distress,
And satisfy their wants,
Then my petitions to thy grace,
Proves that I love thy saints.

PSALM 142. L. M.

- 1 TO God, who high in glory reigns,
I sent my cries and sought his aid,
My sore afflictions and my pains
Before his throne I humbly laid.
- 2 My soul was overwhelmed with fears,
My flesh and heart began to fail,
My God alone beholds my tears,
And knows the way I take full well.
- 3 On my right hand I looked around,
But found my advocates were gone,
And 'mong my friends not one I found,
I was forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Then unto thee I raised my cry,
Thy mercy unto me bestow,
Thou art my only joy on high,
Be thou my portion here below.

- 5 For I'm exceeding low brought down,
Now let my cries to thee ascend,
And make my foes confess and own
That I have Jesus for my friend.
- 6 From prison bring my soul, O Lord,
Then shall I spread abroad thy fame,
And pious men with one accord
Shall join with me to praise thy name.

PSALM 143. C. M.

- 1 MY sovereign judge, my God, my all,
Thou art my hope alone,
Hear me in mercy when I call,
And make thy kindness known.
- 2 In judgment let me not be tried,
I plead thy merits there,
Because no flesh is justified
Before thy righteous bar.
- 3 In pity view me from thy throne,
I plead thy power to save ;
Low in the dust my life's brought down
Like one that's in the grave.
- 4 In darkness thou hast made me dwell,
My heart can find no peace,
My mournful thoughts in silence still
Is musing on thy grace.
- 5 Thy sovereign grace is all my trust
To bear me up again,
I thirst for God, the wise, the just,
As lands thirst for the rain.

- 6 For thee I mourn, to thee I pray,
Return, O God of grace ;
Shall all my hopes be done away,
Nor see thy smiling face ?
- 7 My gracious God, I long, I wait,
And on thy word rely ;
Mine eyes grow dim, my spirits faint,
Make haste before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my cries,
My troubles and my pain ;
O may I hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make me glad again.
- 9 To thee my sorrows I relate,
I lift my soul to thee,
All the day long on thee I wait,
And wear the time away.
- 10 Break off my chains and calm my fear,
And show my feet the road ;
Then, should my foes beset me there,
I'll fly to thee, my God.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way,
That I may do thy will,
Let thy good Spirit be my stay,
And lead me to thy hill.
- 12 Then shall I never more complain,
The tempter then shall cease,
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace.

PSALM 144. L. M.

- 1 FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My strength, my glory, and my might ;
He gave to me his promised word,
And taught my fingers how to fight.
- 2 When earth and hell against me rose,
He makes me trust his mighty arm,
Instructs me how to fight my foes,
And guards me safely through the storm.
- 3 My God, my Saviour, and my shield,
Did all my feeble prospects raise,
Gives me the victory of the field,
And his alone shall be the praise.

PART II. L. M.

- 4 Lord, what is poor depraved man,
That he remember'd is by thee ;
His life, how trifling and how vain,
Still hastening to its kindred clay.
- 5 O what is man, or all his race,
That he should be exalted so,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And crown him chief of all below.
- 6 The God that shakes the worlds on high,
And guides the forked lightning's blaze,
Who bids his vengeful arrows fly,
And yet how wondrous is his grace,

PART III. C. M.

- 7 Blest are the fam'lies where their sons
Like stately pillars are,

Whose daughters shine like polished
stones,

Carved like a palace fair.

8 Blest is the land in order till'd,
Whose flocks and herds increase,
Whose granaries with corn are fill'd,
And rioting shall cease.

9 O greatly blest those people are
That be in such a case,
The Lord himself will be their care,
And give them heavenly peace.

PSALM 145. L. M.

1 I'LL thee extol, my God my King,
And will thy name forever bless,
Each day I will new offerings bring,
And magnify thy sovereign grace.

2 Great is the Lord, his power is great,
His wondrous ways no one can trace,
Thy tender mercies I'll repeat,
And sing with joy thy saving grace.

3 I will employ my heart and tongue
To spread abroad thy righteousness,
And humble saints that hear my song
Shall join with me to sing thy praise.

4 Race unto race shall praise thy name,
And spread thy mighty acts abroad,
And distant ages shall proclaim
The honours of their sovereign God.

- 5 Thy mighty deeds in days of old
Shall o'er the spacious earth be known,
Thy power and might thou wilt unfold,
And make it gloriously be shown.
- 6 The earth is governed by thy hand,
Thy reign through ages all shall last,
Thy kingdom shall forever stand,
When earth and seas in flames shall
waste.

PART II. L. M.

- 7 The mem'ry of thy grace is sweet,
My Saviour, my Almighty God,
Let every age thy praise repeat,
And spread thy wondrous works abroad.
- 8 O'er all the heavenly world he reigns,
And there his goodness overflows ;
While through the earth his mercy shines,
And every gift his hand bestows.
- 9 Thy creatures all with longing eyes
Wait on thee for their daily food.
Thy bounteous hand their want supplies,
And satisfies their need with good.
- 10 In God divine compassion flows,
How slow his anger is to rise,
His pard'ning grace he soon bestows,
And bids his humble saints rejoice.
- 11 Thy creatures everywhere, O Lord,
Are glad, and spread abroad thy fame,
But saints that rest upon thy word,
Delight to bless thy glorious name.

PART III. L. M.

- 12 Let every land thy goodness own,
Thou sovereign Lord of earth and seas,
Thy grace supports the bowed down,
And those that fall thine hand doth
raise.
- 13 When troubles sink thy children down,
Or should they suffer sore distress,
Beneath some haughty tyrant's frown,
Thou givest the weary mourners peace.
- 14 The Lord upholds our thoughtless youth,
And safely guides us all our days,
His words are righteousness and truth,
And holy, just, and true his ways.
- 15 He knows the sorrows of his saints,
And saves his children in distress,
The Lord will satisfy their wants,
And crown their wishes with success.
- 16 He loves the humble and sincere,
His saints are precious in his sight,
But sinks the wicked in despair,
To dwell in everlasting night.
- 17 My tongue shall ever speak his praise,
And spread abroad his matchless fame,
Let the whole earth their voices raise,
And sing the honours of his name.

PSALM 146. C. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, with all my heart,
I will his praise make known,

While I have being here on earth,
I will address his throne.

2 This work shall be my great delight,
My joy, my sweet repast,
My days of praise shall never end
While life and being last.

3 Trust not in princes nor men's sons,
They die and turn to clay,
Their breath departs, their pompous
thoughts
All perish in that day.

4 Blest is the man whose hope is set
On Jacob's God alone,
The God that built the earth and skies,
Shall all his wishes crown.

5 His truth shall stand, though mountains
melt,
The poor man's stay is he,
He gives the weary conscience rest,
And sets the prisoners free.

6 The Lord restores the blind their sight,
Saves those in sore distress,
The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
And aids the fatherless.

7 He knows and loves his humble saints,
But sinners he'll destroy ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns,
And rules the worlds on high.

PSALM 147. C. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, for it is good
To sing our Saviour's praise ;
Not dainties nor the choicest food,
Can so much pleasure raise.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And heavenly grace imparts,
He gathers people to his name,
And heals the broken hearts.
- 3 He counts the stars, those worlds of light,
And names them every one,
His wisdom and his sovereign might
Is boundless and unknown.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his power,
In all his works alone,
He crowns the meek, makes them secure,
But treads the wicked down.

PAUSE.

- 5 Praise ye the Lord in sweetest strains,
He spreads the clouds on high,
There he prepares refreshing rains,
To cheer the earth when dry.
- 6 He makes the grass on mountains grow,
And corn the vales supply,
The beasts with food his hands bestow,
And hears when ravens cry.

- 7 The daring man, the war trained horse,
The active youthful limb,
The lively wit with skill and force,
Are all too mean for him.
- 8 But humble saints are his delight,
His people is his care,
Their faith and hope he keeps in sight,
For they his image bear.

PART II. C. M.

- 9 Let saints adore their sovereign king,
And high his honour raise,
Our joys are sweetened when we sing
Our dear Redeemer's praise.
- 10 He feeds us with the finest wheat,
Our land with peace is blest,
He gives his blessings to our meat,
And appetites to feast.
- 11 He 'points the seasons of the year,
And the refreshing rain,
His flakes of snow like wool appear,
And thus protects the grain.
- 12 He strews the ground with heavy frost,
And showers of sounding hail;
The ice the flowing brooks bind fast,
His cold is terrible.
- 13 He sends his word and melts the snow,
And breaks the icy chain;
He bids the pleasant breezes blow,
And spring returns again.

- 14 His laws throughout our land are shown;
His gospel never he
To every land hath thus made known:
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM 147. L. M.

- 1 O ALL ye lands, with cheerful voice
Sing to the Lord in sweetest strains;
He spreads the clouds around the skies,
And there prepares refreshing rains.
- 2 He sends the showers on earth below,
To cheer the plains and thirsty hills;
He makes the grass on mountains grow,
And wheat adorn the smiling fields.
- 3 His hand bestows the beasts their food,
He hears the ravens young that cry,
But gives to man all needful good,
And crowns his wants abundantly.
- 4 In his wise counsel he ordains,
The different changes of the year,
The flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And bids the wintry months appear.
- 5 The cold and hoary frost is laid,
Like ashes o'er the frozen ground,
The flowing streams are solid made,
In freezing icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his chambers in the sky,
The sounding hail he showers down,
And those who dare their God defy,
Shall meet the terror of his frown.

- 7 He melts the ice, the waters flow,
The smiling fields appear in green;
He bids the pleasant gales to blow,
And cheerful spring returns again.
- 8 The stormy winds and raging seas,
Own and obey his sacred word;
With songs and honours sound his praise,
And magnify the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148. P. M.

- 1 LET every tongue confess,
The Lord who rules on high;
His shining hosts him bless,
Above the starry sky.
Ye seraphs bright,
Begin your lays,
And give him praise
In worlds of light.
- 2 Thou sun with brilliant blaze,
And moon by night that shines,
Display your Maker's praise
With all the starry trains.
Ye clouds that fly,
His praise make known,
And to his throne
Ascend on high.
- 3 Those splendid globes on high,
By his command stand fast;
Or in swift motions fly,
As he commanded hast.

His power and love
From nothing brought,
And for us wrought
Those worlds above.

4 Those pleasant worlds he made
Confess his hand divine,
Their heavens with suns he spread,
And twinkling stars that shine.
And varying move,
Declare his ways
And sing his praise,
Ye worlds above.

5 Let earth with all her race,
And creatures of the seas,
The fish that cut the waves,
Or rest on floods with ease:
Your praise you owe,
And in the seas
Where he displays
Protecting power.

6 Fire, hail, and stormy winds,
Are all at his command,
To answer his designs,
And own his sovereign hand.
When thunders roar
Or lightning plays,
In vivid rays,
Fear and adore.

7 Ye mountains great in height,
Where stately cedars grow,

And humbler trees with fruit,
In large abundance flow ;
Extol his name
Ye mountains high,
And birds that fly,
Beasts wild and tame.

8 Ye kings and monarchs, praise
Th' almighty sovereign King ;
Princes and people raise
Immortal notes and sing.
Ye kings that reign,
Ye princes know
Your power you owe
To God supreme.

9 Virgins begin your songs,
Aloud your voices raise ;
And babes with lisping tongues,
Join in the song of praise.
Far as he's known,
Let mortals raise
Their song of praise
Up to his throne.

10 Let every clime adore
Our God who speaks the word,
And worlds spring forth and soar
In space to praise the Lord.
Let earth and heaven
His honours raise,
And endless praise
By all be given.

PSALM 148. C. M.

- 1 LET loud hosannas to the Lord,
Be chanted where he reigns ;
Ye holy throng with one accord,
Begin the heavenly strains.
- 2 He is th' almighty sovereign Lord,
His angels in array
On swiftest wing fulfil his word,
And quick as thought obey.
- 3 His glory glistens on his throne,
His throne how bright it is ;
The brightest beams of mid-day sun,
Is dark compared to his.
- 4 Ye dreadful stormy tempests rise,
To sound his awful praise,
And let his low and sweet still voice,
Fill every softer breeze.
- 5 Let flying clouds and stormy wind,
And waves and fire agree,
To join their praise with solid land,
And wide capacious sea.
- 6 Shout his high praise, ye pleasant plains,
And vallies low that lie ;
Ye hills praise him in lofty strains,
To reach the starry sky.
- 7 Ye towering mountains near the skies,
And stately cedars there,
Praise him, and trees of humbler size
His power and praise declare.

- 8 Praise him ye birds on flying wing,
Who formed to tune your lays,
Or sit in shady groves and sing
Your Maker's glorious praise.
- 9 Ye kings and princes join the song,
With nature sound his praise;
Let men and maidens old and young,
Their hallelujahs raise.
- 10 Far as the distant lands are bound,
Or mighty waters roll;
O may his glorious name be known,
And sung from pole to pole.
- 11 Thus let his holy blessed name
Be chanted and adored;
But saints are bound to spread his fame,
Who best have known the Lord.
- 12 Ye heavenly hosts on golden wing,
Praise him with one accord,
Ye saints below, O shout and sing,
Hosannas to the Lord.

PSALM 149. L. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord and praise his name,
In hallelujahs yet unknown;
Within the church his praise proclaim,
And tell the wonders he has done.
- 2 Israel the people of his choice,
Shall spread the glory of his word,
The Gentile nations shall rejoice,
And Zion own her sovereign Lord.

- 3 For he in saints doth pleasure take,
Whom reprobates deride and scorn,
His grace will beautify the meek,
And with salvation them adorn.
- 4 The saints are glad in Christ their King,
They on their beds make known his
praise,
And like the church above, shall sing,
For God the sleeping dead shall raise.
- 5 Then shall their tongues sound his high
praise,
Their hand shall wield a two edged
sword;
Terrors attend the songs they raise,
The terrors of the mighty Lord.
- 6 When Christ, the judge, ascends his
throne,
And bids the world before him stand,
He has for all his saints alone,
Prepared a seat at his right hand.
- 7 There with their sovereign King they'll
rule,
And execute the vengeance due
On royal sinners that rebel,
And sink them down in endless woe.
- 8 Their kings and nobles bound in chains,
Affords new triumphs of success;
This honour is to all the saints,
Praise ye and magnify his grace.

PSALM 150. L. M.

- 1 WITHIN God's house his praise declare,
His sovereign grace, he there makes
known;
To heaven lift up your souls in prayer,
And still address his gracious throne.
- 2 Let all that is within you join
To praise him for his mighty deeds;
But the great work of grace divine,
Your choicest songs of praise exceeds.
- 3 Let every being that has breath,
Proclaim with joy his tender love;
And when my time expires on earth,
Praise shall employ my soul above.

PSALM 150. C. M.

- 1 WITHIN God's house sing ye his praise,
There dwells his grace divine;
To heaven your choicest offerings raise,
For there his glories shine.
- 2 Let all that is within you join,
To spread abroad his ways;
But the great work of grace divine,
Exceeds your noblest praise.
- 3 Ye people all, with one accord,
Your Maker's praise proclaim;
Let each thing breathing praise the Lord,
And bless his holy name.

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THE
SONG OF SOLOMON.

SONG 1. C. M. Vss. 2, 5, 12, 13, 17.

LET him embrace me with his mouth,
His voice is all divine,
His gracious words are words of truth,
Surpassing pleasant wine.

2.

Thy name as ointment doth excel
All sweet perfumes that be,
The Spirit th' oil of gladness will
Draw virgin saints to thee.

3.

Engage me by thy charms, my King,
And help to me afford,
Restore our wand'ring feet, and bring
Us to thy chambers, Lord.

4.

Then unto thee with thankful voice
Thy wonders we'll relate;
They yield to us much sweeter joys
Than wine in purest state.

5.

Impure and filthy as we are,
And black as Kedar's tents,
Clothed in beauty we are fair,
And pure unsullied saints.

6.

Since the King has his table spread,
He loves to see us come ;
Our virtues are like spikenard made,
Which make a sweet perfume.

7.

A bundle of myrrh 'tween my breast,
Such is my love to me ;
And, since dear Lord, I am thy guest,
I give my all to thee.

8.

Not cypress, cedar, or fir beams,
Can with thy church compare,
And here we'll stay till heaven proclaims
Our joyful welcome there.

SONG 1. V. 7.

I LOVE my Lord, whose mercies flow,
Above all earthly care ;
Dear Shepherd speak, and let me know
Where thy sweet pastures are.

2.

Where is the rock whose shadow shields
Thy flock from noonday sun,
That I may feed in heavenly fields,
And with thy sheep be one.

3.

Thy loving bride, why like to one
That walks in doubtful ways?
O teach me Lord, ill ways to shun,
And cling to thee for grace.

4.

I see the print thy flock has made,
Thy pasture here appears,
A feast of love here thou hast spread,
Purchased with wounds and tears.

5.

His flesh he gives to me for food,
How wonderful his love,
And bids me drink his precious blood,
Till called to feast above.

SONG 2. Vs. 1, 4, 6, 7. C. M.

THE rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The lily of the vale,
And tree of life whose branches bear
Enlivening fruits that heal.

2.

It's 'mong the thorns are lilies white,
And noble vine 'mong gourds,
So 'pears my Saviour in my sight,
Among all earthly lords.

3.

I sat beneath his pleasant shade,
A covert from the heat,
A heavenly feast he spreads, and made
Me to participate.

4.

He kindly did supply my want,
I feasted on his love,
And o'er my head when I was faint
His banner sweet did prove.

5.

With pleasant wine and living bread
This heart of mine he cheers,
And the kind words to me he said,
Did banish all my fears.

6.

My dearest Lord, to thee I cleave,
My heart make thine abode ;
My sins I'll slay, lest they should grieve
My Saviour and my God.

SONG 2. Vs. 8, 13. C. M.

THY cheering voice, my Saviour, sounds
Over the rising hill,
O'er floods of grief he leaps, he bounds,
To do his Father's will.

2.

Here clothed in flesh I see my Lord,
How kind he looks on me,
And in his holy, blessed word,
His tender love I see.

3.

He draws my heart and I obey,
How pleasing is his voice,
He says arise, make haste away,
Forsake all worldly joys.

4.

The Jewish dispensation's gone,
Behold the joyful year,
The turtle dove salutes our land,
And Gospel sounds we hear.

5.

The noble vine, a heavenly plant,
Brings forth the richest wine,
Lord, we are come to serve our want,
And bless the heavenly vine.

6.

And when we hear thee say, arise
My love and haste away,
With joy we'll soar above the skies,
And live in heavenly day.

SONG 2. Vs. 14, 16, 17. C. M.

BEHOLD, the Saviour from above
Invites his people near,
From cells of darkness calls his love,
And banishes her fear.

2.

My dove who in the rock dost hide
With sorrow sore opprest,
Lift up thy voice, in me confide,
And be forever blest.

3.

Thy voice to me melodious is,
My virtues in thee are ;
Though worldlings may thy face despise,
To me 'tis bright and fair.

4.

Our thankful hearts, O Lord, receive
With gladness thy invite,
To thee our songs of praise we give
With pleasure and delight.

5.

My love is mine, and I am his,
Our warm affections join;
Let sin and guilt not dare to rise,
To grieve my love divine.

6.

He leads my soul in pastures green,
To feed 'mong lilies there,
With his blest saints whose robes are clean,
Washed in his blood they were.

7.

Till the day break and shadows flee
To the first rising dawn,
Turn my beloved and often see,
Nor let my hopes be gone.

8.

Be like a roe on mountains high,
Skip o'er my hills of sin,
Let all my crimes forgotten lie,
And make me pure and clean.

SONG 3. Vss. 1, 5. C. M.

WHEN darkness shrouds the midnight skies
Jesus my love I sought,
With anxious care I did arise
To seek, but found him not.

2.

I then did haste without delay
To search the street by night,
I hailed the watch, and thus did say,
Saw ye my soul's delight.

3.

Then I did find my blessed Lord
Arrayed in light divine,
I leaped for joy, my love adored,
And held him fast as mine.

4.

I brought him to my mother's house,
Nor does my Lord resist,
To Zion's courts, his sacred place,
Where first I did exist.

5.

His wounded heart to me he gave,
Pierced for my sin and shame,
I give my Lord all that I have,
And bless his holy name.

6.

I bid all earthly joys begone,
Nor dare disturb my love,
I'll sin and shame forever shun,
And dwell with God above.

SONG 3. V. 11. C. M.

DAUGHTERS of Zion see with joy
The glorious golden crown,
Which they, glad church, in ecstasy
Placed on King Solomon.

2.

Jesus, our king of righteousness,
Accept us for thine own,
Receive our prayers and our praise,
And wear them as thy crown.

3.

Make our devotions and our love
Espousals, Lord, to thee,
Like that blest hour when from above
Thy love did set us free.

4.

That joyful day may it endure,
Lord cause it still to stay,
Strengthen our faith, and make us pure,
Nor let our hopes decay.

5.

Each moment as it swiftly flies
Increase our love and joy,
Till we are called above the skies,
To feast with thee on high.

6.

Roll on ye days, and bring in haste
The day of nuptial joy ;
Christ in his Father's glory drest,
Shall fill his throne on high.

SONG 4. Vs. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9. C. M.

DEAR Lord, how pleasant are thy ways,
What sweet affections rise,
So thou art fair, my love, he says,
Doves have not brighter eyes.

2.

Thy lips are sweet. thy cheerful voice
With joy salutes my ear,
Not taste of milk, or smell of spice,
Can with my love compare.

3.

Thou art all fair, my lovely bride,
No spot in thee I find,
Thy wants shall all be well supplied,
My graces in thee shine.

4.

Although polluted as we are,
He makes us fair and white,
Clothed in his beauty we appear.
Most lovely in his sight.

5.

My sister and my spouse, he says,
Bound to my heart in love,
Thy tender love in my heart stays,
And never shall remove.

6.

From leopards' dens he calls me out,
And beasts of every name,
On Zion ground he sets my feet,
And there supports my claim.

7.

Nor pleasant plains, nor hills of prey,
Nor sweetest earthly tie,
Shall ever tempt or make me stay,
When called to joys on high.

SONG 4. Vs. 12, 13, 15, and 5, 1. C. M.

WE are a garden and inclosed,
A paradise below,
A little spot with grace infused,
Amid this world of woe.

2.

Like trees of aloes, myrrh and spice,
Planted by thee, our God,
And living springs in Zion rise,
To make thy garden bud.

3.

O heavenly wind, awake and blow,
Perfume thy garden here,
And may thy heavenly blessings flow
On plants of thine own care.

4.

May our blest virtues flow and spread,
To please our royal love,
On us thy blessings richly shed,
And fit us for above.

5.

Come my beloved, come and taste
Thine own delicious fruit,
My spouse I come, I come in haste,
To feast 'mong spices sweet.

6.

Into his garden now he comes,
And bids us to his feast,
He makes our virtues sweet perfumes,
And gives a rich repast.

7.

Eat of the living bread, my friends,
My Father's heavenly gift,
Drink of the fountain that he sends,
And live forever blest.

8.

Around thy board thy saints will meet,
And praise thy bounteous grace ;
Thy love to us does far exceed
Our noblest songs of praise.

SONG 5. Vs. 9, 12, 14, 16. C. M.

THE world, with wonder and surprise,
Asks why I love my Lord ;
Say where's his charms that please the eyes,
Or such delights afford ?

2.

In my beloved Lord I find
A mixture red and white,
Ten thousand beauties all combined,
Meet in my soul's delight.

3.

His soul is white and free from sin,
Red's his blood shed for me ;
He is my chief and lovely one,
And my desire is he.

4.

His head the finest gold adorns,
There perfect wisdom beams ;
That sacred head once crowned with thorns,
With glory now it gleams.

5.

His heart with tender mercies flow
Near to his wounded side ;
His sacred side shall no more know
The scourge of hellish pride.

6.

His hands like golden rings they be,
Beset with diamonds fair,
Those blessed hands that once for me
Nailed to the gibbet were.

7.

His knees once bent beneath our load,
The sins of fallen man ;
Now on the throne of his abode
Like marble pillars stand.

8.

His eyes are lovely, and appear
As doves' eyes, bright and pure :
Those eyes that wept so chaste and clear,
With grief shall weep to more.

9.

His mouth that mourned with cruelties,
Now hails with joy his saints ;
His presence more delightful is,
Than hills of frankincense.

10.

O, lovely is my blessed Lord,
And may his name be sung
Through every land, and be adored
And praised by every tongue.

SONG 6. Vss. 1, 3, 12. C. M.

WHEN aliens stand and hear me speak
My dear Redeemer's praise,
Say, where's he gone, that we may seek
An interest in his grace.

2.

On hills of love, in worlds of light,
There he delights to dwell ;
But he descends with joyful flight
To saints that he loves well.

3.

In gardens planted by his care,
Its fruitful trees they grow ;
He feeds among the lilies there,
Where spicy sweets do flow.

4.

He has my warm affections moved,
Ye earthly joys begone :
And on his heart my best beloved,
Has sealed me for his own.

5.

Ere I'm aware, he takes my soul,
To see his glorious light ;
No chariot of Aminadab
Can tell the heavenly sight.

6.

O may my daily incense rise,
Above the starry sky,
Till death on earth shall close mine eyes,
To open them on high.

SONG 7. *Vs. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.* C. M.

THE King in galleries of his love,
Presents himself and says,
My saints to me do lovely prove
Its subjects of my grace.

2.

The words which from thy mouth proceed,
Are heavenly and divine ;
Thy language, Lord, does far exceed
The taste of purest wine.

3.

O for this love thou didst afford,
To saints almost asleep,
Our lips shall speak thy praises, Lord,
Do our affections keep.

4.

These earthly joys he lets us know,
In cities and in plains ;
We taste his love while here below,
But feast where Jesus reigns.

5.

When in the heavenly paradise,
Our joys can't be express'd,
On living fruit we'll ever feast,
But never more shall thirst.

SONG 8. Vs. 5, 7, 13, 14. C. M.

LO who is this that's in distress
And mourning for her sins,
Comes traveling from the wilderness
And on her Lord she leans ?

2.

She is the spouse of Christ our Lord,
For whom he shed his blood ;
Her joys and sorrows do accord
With every saint of God.

3.

My sovereign Lord, engrave my name
Upon thy heart and hand ;
Impress and seal me on thine arm,
Thy pledge of love to stand.

4.

Thy love more stronger is than death,
Which wrathful floods can't drown;
Not hell, nor all the powers on earth
Can quench this fire divine.

5.

This heart of mine, I do mistrust,
Lest it should stray from thee;
Engrave thy name upon my breast,
Thy seal of love to me.

6.

When to thy home thou wilt me bring,
No more I'll mourn nor sigh;
Thy presence, my almighty King,
Shall be my highest joy.

7

Haste, my beloved, let us go,
Cut short the time that flies,
Leap like a youthful hart or roe,
O'er the mountains of spice





Pres. L. A. Smith
Oct 28 1878

